MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER.

AGRICULTURE · HORTICULTURE · RURAL LIFE · EXCELSIOR · LITERATURE · SCIENCE · ARTS · NEWS

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MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER,

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AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY D. D. T. MOORE,

With an Able Corps of Assistants and Contributors.

CHAS. D. BRAGDON, Western Corresponding Editor.

THE RURAL NEW-YORKER is designed to be unsurpassed in Value, Purity, Usefulness and Variety of Contents, and unique and beautiful in Appearance. Its Conductor devotes his personal attention to the supervision of its various departments, and earnestly labors to render the RURAL an eminently Reliable Guide on all the important Practical, Scientific and other Subjects intimately connected with the business of those whose interests it zealously advocates. As a FAMILY JOURNAL it is eminently Instructive and Entertaining—being so conducted that it can be safely taken to the Hearts and Homes of people of intelligence, taste and discrimination. It embraces more Agricultural, Horticultural, Scientific, Educational, Literary and News Matter, interspersed with appropriate and beautiful Engravings, than any other journal,—rendering it the most complete AGRICULTURAL, LITERARY AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER in America.

AGRICULTURAL.

EUROPEAN AGRICULTURE.

Shropshire Sheep.

THIS breed of sheep has been attracting general notice, and gradually growing in public favor, for the few past years. Their chief points of merit are good size, early maturity, fine mutton, good fleece, and hardiness. The last number of the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*, in alluding to the late Show of the Royal Agricultural Society at Leeds, of which the exhibition of Shropshire Sheep formed one of the principal features, makes the following interesting remarks:

Possessing, as the Shropshire breed certainly does in a just degree, the important qualifications of early maturity, rich mutton, and excellent fleece, with the shapely frame which must accompany those features, and last, but not least, unquestionable hardiness, it would have been more to be wondered at if they failed to attract attention, not only on the part of those who are already acquainted with the breed, but also of those persons who were strangers to it. And the Shropshire men are doing it every justice. They are justly proud of the breed which takes its distinctive name from their own shire, and they are, therefore, quite right in neither hiding its light under a bushel nor permitting it to retrograde, and thus become less worthy of public favor. It is improving, in fact, every year; and a retrospect of the last dozen years will satisfy any one who knows it that such is the fact.

Widening their circle, as they are annually doing in England, the Shropshires have crossed to this side of the channel, and we believe that there is not a dissenting voice among those who have had experience of them in Ireland as to their merit, whether the breed has been kept pure, or the rams used for crossing. In the latter point of view, as we have repeatedly shown by reference to facts, the Shropshire occupies a foremost place. Very inferior ewes, whether black-faced Scotch, or the smaller description of Irish sheep, when put to pure-bred Shrop rams, produce stock which, either as butcher's lambs, or to be kept on for a year longer, are most remunerative to the breeder, profitable to the butcher, and liked by the consumer. This is the class of stock we want; for the day has gone by when filling the cook's grease-pot—her perquisite by prescriptive right—was the first thing to be considered in the selection of a joint. A Shrop lays equally on just so much fat—not grease—as makes it pleasant to eat him; while the flavor, especially when combined with the black-faced, very nearly rivals that of the black-faced itself.

It is of the utmost importance that the rams used in crossing shall be pure-bred, and we are the more inclined to insist on this point, because we are aware there are some people who do not apparently know the extreme necessity there is for purity in the sire in such a case. They will use a half or three parts bred ram, because, perhaps, they get him for less money than they would have to pay for one which is pure. This is sheer folly, and instead of economy, it is the very reverse; and if these words are read by any one who has been led by notions of economy or any other reason to buy a ram which is not all right as to his breeding, whether the ram is a Shrop or a Leicester, or whatever he may be, if he is not pure-bred, our earnest advice is, make mutton of him, as soon as you like, but don't use him in any other way.

Breeding and Feeding Pigs.

GEORGE MANDLES, Esq., of Yorkshire, who has given much attention to the breeding and feeding of pigs, generally carrying off most of the best prizes at the leading Shows, and who has, by careful breeding, originated what is called the "Improved Cumberland and Yorkshire Hogs," gives in the London *Farmers' Magazine* an interesting paper on the breeding and feeding of pigs, from which we make a few extracts:

Milk and fat must go in at the mouth before it makes its appearance in the animal. I do not believe those who say their pigs get fat on nothing. I know from experience that one pig would live where another would starve, and what would take to make one large-bred pig fat, would make several smaller-bred ones "up." A great help to profitable pig-keeping is warmth, and confinement, and regularity in feeding; as by also keeping the skin of the animal clean by washing and brushing occasionally. If two animals of the same litter be put into two different sties, and have the same quantity of food each, the one that is kept warm and with the skin clean will gain more weight than the other. I found that out one winter, when Jack Frost was astir, before I put up a new pig-shed. My man was feeding a lot of pigs alike, only some were in common sties and others in a warm shed. The difference was very striking: those kept warm fed nearly half as fast again as the others. This induced me to build a long covered shed sixty feet long and eighteen feet wide, that would hold seventy porkers or fifty bacon pigs, where, when the thermometer has been below freezing point outside, it has inside been very warm and comfortable. The pigs have their food warm in winter, and are never starved by the cold; they are bedded with clean straw every other day, and the shed is kept rather dark. The manure made is of first quality and fit to use for turnips.

Perhaps some of the readers of this paper would like to know something about the dietary of my pigs. I have not included sugar in my list of feeding ingredients. I have never gone higher than new milk, which they always take without sweetening. In the first place, I must say that I exhibit at a few of the leading agricultural meetings, and am generally, if not at the top of the ladder, not many spokes off. I keep my breeding stock different to my show stock, as I do not like breeding animals to be over-fat; but show animals are obliged to be fat, or the judges will pass them over. The over-feeding of prize animals is a very great evil, but one that cannot be very well remedied. A show of lean breeding animals would be a very *lean* show indeed in many respects. An exhibitor must always sacrifice some of his best animals to please the public fancy. I think there is less risk in fat breeding pigs than any other animal. I have had several very fat sows pig, and never lost any. I gave them nothing but a very little bran and water a week before pigging, and but little after for a week, while I put a little castor oil in their food directly after pigging. I have the greatest trouble in reducing the male animals, as they will nearly hunger to death before they will part with their fat. I generally turn them into a large yard, and give them plenty of water and a wurzel or two every day, or turn them out to grass in summer.

To my regular breeding pigs and stores I am giving boiled rape-cake and barley-meal one feed a day, and one feed of raw potatoes or wurzel; and if in summer, I turn them to grass, or soil them with clover in the yards.

Warmth, cleanliness, and regularity in feeding, a little good food and often, are the main secrets in rearing young pigs. I never like to see food left in a pig's trough—just give what they can eat up and no more. When pigs are put up to feed they should be kept warm and quiet. Five porkers or three bacon pigs are plenty together. The pen they are kept in need not be very large, but the pigs should be wrung, and a little fresh bedding spread about them every second day. Pigs like to be kept warm, but plenty of fresh air must be allowed to circulate through the pens, or else disease will soon show itself.

Baron Liebig on the Action of Peruvian Guano.

BARON VON LIEBIG, in a letter, dated June 14, to Dr. BLYTH, of Queen's College, Cork, Ireland, makes the following important statements in regard to the action of Peruvian guano:

There is a very prevalent opinion among agriculturists that guano produces a greater effect than an artificial mixture containing the same quantity of bone phosphate (3 Ca O, PO5), and of nitrogen in the form of salts of ammonia. I have myself observed in experimenting on a piece of meadow land, that those portions on which guano was strewed became very soon conspicuous by darker green grass, while an artificial mixture, as above stated, appeared to exert scarcely any action.

This hitherto unexplained rapidity of action is due to the presence of oxalic acid in Peruvian guano.

When guano is extracted with water, a solution is obtained which contains about 2 per cent. of phosphoric acid, and 6 to 8 per cent. of oxalate of ammonia. If, however, guano be mixed with water, and the moistened mass be left standing for some days (just the state in which it would be in the soil), it is found on extracting with water from time to time a portion of the moistened mass that the amount of phosphoric acid has increased, and that of oxalic acid diminished. This reaction continues many days, the quantity of soluble phosphoric acid daily increasing in proportion to the diminution of oxalic acid, until at last the oxalic acid almost entirely disappears from the solution, and in its place is now found a corresponding amount of phosphoric acid. The idea immediately occurs, that from the long contact with water the phosphate of lime and oxalate of ammonia decompose each other into oxalate of lime and phosphate of ammonia.

But in a neutral solution of oxalate of ammonia, phosphate of lime is not decomposed, or at least only very slowly. There must, therefore, be in guano some other substance which is the means of causing, in the moist manure, the decomposition of the earthy phosphate. This substance is sulphate of ammonia, which is always present in Peruvian guano. In fact, on adding a little sulphate of ammonia to a mixture in water of oxalate of ammonia and of freshly precipitated phosphate of lime, mutual decomposition of the last two salts took place in a few hours. The sulphate of ammonia renders the phosphate of lime somewhat soluble, and thus promotes its decomposition by the oxalate of ammonia.

The action of guano is therefore two-fold, depending, in the first place, on its soluble nitrogen compounds, and in the second, on its soluble phosphates. In this last respect its effect is similar to that of a superphosphate.

The foregoing decomposition in guano depends evidently to a greater or less extent on the weather. Continued moderate moist weather promotes the conversion of the insoluble phosphoric acid into a soluble form, while heavy falls of rain retard it, by washing out the oxalate of ammonia. Hence, from this dependence on time and moisture, we are not always certain of this transformation taking place in this manure in the soil.

I have discovered a very simple method of rendering the action of guano constant in connection with the conversion of the phosphoric acid into a soluble form. It consists in moistening it a day or two before its application with a little water, to which a small quantity of oil of vitriol has been added, so as to render it distinctly acid. Under these circumstances decomposition takes place rapidly, and is completed in a few hours. The whole of the phosphoric acid, corresponding to the quantity of oxalic acid present, is separated from the lime, and rendered soluble by union with ammonia; and the oxalic acid disappears entirely as an insoluble oxalate of lime.

I am very anxious that agriculturists may be induced to make comparative experiments with guano alone, and after being moistened with diluted sulphuric acid.

Crops in England.

WET, ungenial weather for the week or ten days previous to the leaving of the last steamer, has cast a gloom over English farmers. The potato disease has appeared earlier than common and with unusual energy. Wheat is affected with rust and mildew to a great extent, and the former is particularly injurious, and affects most seriously the white varieties, particularly the Russian White. The Mangel Wurzel, particularly in the South of England, is affected with a blight of the leaves, from which a great injury to the crop is anticipated; but a greater evil than this is found in the swarms of aphis, which cover the leaves in very many fields. For this, Dr. LINDLEY remarks, there is no certain cure, except such as would involve a greater expense than the worth of the plants.

IMPROVED CATTLE—AYRSHIRES.

COULD the RURAL not give us a cut of an Ayrshire bull and cow? We, of the Pennsylvania backwoods, are looking after this breed of cattle with much interest. Also, the fat (or flat) tailed China sheep, which are said to breed three times per year, and bring from one to five lambs at a birth. Is this a *true bill*, or is there some "cotton" about it?—G., *Crawford Co., Pa.*, 1861.

OUR Keystone friend will please bear witness that the "spirit of accommodation" reigns hereabout, for we give him portraits of two fine representations of the breed which has made the county of Ayr celebrated in the dairy annals of the "Land o'Cakes."



PORTRAIT OF AN AYRSHIRE BULL.

The modern Ayrshires rank among stock growers as a "made-up-breed," for they are generally conceded to be a union of the Holstein, or Teeswater Short-horns, and the Alderney's, with the ancient stock of Ayr. Their introduction is of comparatively recent date, as AITON, who wrote in 1815, remarks "that one century ago there was no such breed in Scotland."

In the volume of the RURAL for 1858 we gave descriptions of the various *improved* breeds of cattle, and we republish the pen sketch of the Ayrshires then used, as we believe it fills all the requirements. "The head of both male and female should be small, rather long, and tapering towards the muzzle, which should be *darker* than the color of the skin. The eye large, lively, but not too prominent. In both bull and cow the jawbone should be strong, and open behind to admit of the throat being fully developed where it passes from the head into the neck. The horns should be small, clean, crooked, and placed at considerable distance from one another at the setting on. The ears rather large, and orange tipped in the inside. The neck long, slender, tapering towards the head, and having the appearance of hollowness; the skin and throat loosely attached to the lower part of the neck. The point of the wither or shoulder should be thin. The shoulder blades should be close above, with a very slight covering of muscle. They should be developed outwards to the point of the shoulders, and should appear to the eye as detached from the structure of the chest. The chest, fore quarters, and neck, should be light. The hind quarters large, and somewhat heavy; the back straight, gradually widening from the point of the shoulders towards the hook bones. These should be wide, raised at the points, and presenting a somewhat scraggy look. The ribs towards the pelvis should be wide and circular. These, with the joints, should appear open. The carcass should gradually deepen towards the hind quarters, and these should be deep. The length of quarters should exceed the breadth between the hocks. The quarters with the pelvis should be roomy—the buttocks square, and somewhat fleshy—the distance between the top of the tail and the hook joints should be extreme. The hock joints should be broad, as well as the legs above and beneath these joints. The legs short, somewhat delicately formed at the joints as well as at the fetlocks, and the animal should appear short legged. The feet should be round, somewhat large, and strong. The tail should be set on rather at a curve than at right angles. It should be long, tapering towards the point, and the quantity of hair at the point should be moderate.

The form of the milk vessel is of paramount importance. It can scarcely be too capacious. It should be placed well forward on the belly, and appear behind the line of the thighs. It should have a somewhat square form, but not low, heavy, nor loose, nor fleshy. The color of the udder is by some also deemed of great importance. It should be rather white than brown, except the color of the skin be wholly brown or black. The milk veins should be large and prominent. The teats should be placed wide apart, rather small, and pointing outwards. Next in importance to the form of the udder, is the touch. The skin should be thin, having the soft feel of a fine kid glove. The hair should be soft and somewhat woolly. The color should be distinct; dark red, or approaching to black, are both fashionable. The colors, if two, should be arranged in blots or small patches; light fawns are not uncommon, but are not deemed hardy; some are beautifully spotted with red on a white ground. The very light colors, approaching to white, are objectionable."

The chief object in breeding Ayrshires is to supply the dairy with good, profitable milkers, and for this specialty they are highly esteemed. Upon this point YOUATT remarks:—"The excellency of a dairy cow is estimated by the *quantity* and *quality* of her milk. The quantity yielded by the Ayrshire cow is, considering her size, very great. Five gallons daily, for two or three months after calving, may be considered as not more than an average quantity. Three gallons daily will be given for the next three months, and one gallon and a half for the succeeding four months. This would amount to more than 850 gallons; but allowing for some unproductive cows, 600 gallons per year may be the average quantity annually from each cow." The writer just quoted, estimates the *quality* of the milk, for butter or cheese making, much lower than any other author, calculating one and one-half pounds of butter to three and one-half gallons of milk—an average of 257 pounds to each cow, per annum—and to twenty-eight gallons of milk, with the cream, a yield 24 pounds of cheese, or 514 pounds yearly.



AN AYRSHIRE COW.

Thus much for the Ayrshires. The lover of fine stock certainly has enough to "fill his eye" while glancing at their peculiarities and beauties, consequently that "fat-tailed sheep," so entirely given over to the responsibilities of maternity, must not be allowed to interfere at the present. At some future period we will turn our attention to the bearer of the "oleaginous narrative."

WAR AND AGRICULTURE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Will you allow an old man, one who has lived during wars and rumors of wars, on both sides of the Atlantic, and witnessed their effect upon agriculture, to say a few words to my brother farmers in this time of alarm and excitement. Every one seems to be carried away with the excitement,—every one seems to take it for granted that war must necessarily bring hard times and embarrassment, and ruin, to all our commercial interests. Now, if we continue this course, want of confidence, and general embarrassment will assuredly follow. If we keep up this mad dog cry against our own prosperity, we shall of course suffer. The dog against which the cry is raised, though perfectly well, suffers just as much as though rabid. But is this necessary? Is this commercial ruin the necessary result of the war, or is it the result of our own unreasonable fear and alarm? It is the first time in the history of the world that I have known war to cause hard times. In Europe war is always considered the sure precursor of commercial activity and general prosperity, and particularly so to the farmer and those engaged in the work of producing. The English farmer, though he may moralize a little upon the evils of fighting, receives the declaration of war with a good deal of ill-concealed pleasure, knowing as he does that while many may suffer he will gain in wealth. Produce, manufactures, almost everything, advances in value, in fact puts on what is called "war prices," money is circulated freely, every one is actively employed, and general prosperity is the order of the day. Even the commonest farm laborers feel the influence of the times in a few shillings extra per week.

The greatest draw back to this prosperity is the fact that peace must follow war. Then, when everybody is trying to rejoice at the declaration of peace, the farmer, the merchant, and the mechanic, finds it difficult to conceal his fears. In a little while business becomes dull, farmers have to dispose of their crops at lower rates, speculators who purchased at war prices have to sell at peace prices, and the result is, many failures and general stagnation. Farmers who became really or prospectively wealthy, and lived in a corresponding style, find it difficult to conform to their altered circumstances, and pay their debts, and in this work they often have to be aided by the sheriff. Only those who had the sagacity to look forward to the probability of peace, and take in sail, are able to weather the storm.

What is there about the present war to cause a different state of things than that which is found to be the common result of war? In the first place our Eastern cities lose their Southern trade, and a good deal of money owed by Southern creditors. This will affect business in these cities, and may perhaps more than counterbalance the extra activity which would be the natural result of war, but cannot, I think, bring upon the country any very great or general embarrassment. The farmers in some parts of the West usually send their produce down the Mississippi, to find a Southern market. The blockade has of course destroyed this market, and the result will be somewhat injurious to the farmers of that section. Bulky produce that will not pay for shipment East must be necessarily low, but cattle and all things that can find an Eastern market will bring remunerating prices.

These are the only things that suggest themselves

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to my mind that will in any measure tend to cause derangement of business, and in them I see no cause for the great outcry that is now being made. On the contrary, I think that this will be a year of prosperity, equal to any which the farmers of America have enjoyed during the last twenty years. A million of dollars is being expended every day by the government, and this money is not sent abroad, but circulated among the people in payment for provision, clothing, &c. Its influence must be felt for good, throughout all the avenues of trade, and will jingle in the pocket of many a farmer who now has a long face, a heavy heart and an empty pocket. But, some say, we are ruining our country by the vast outlay of money now making by the government. Such statements have been made, too, in the English press, and Mr. Bright, of Manchester, in an address in which he treated of American affairs, showed that the expenses of the present year of war in America are less than the expenses of the British government in a year of peace. We, who have so often boasted of the strength and glory of our country, must acknowledge what we have said and sung to be only an idle boast, if we now consider that a year of expense, such as England endures every year, can bring our favored land to the verge of ruin.

I do not feel competent to treat of the war and its affects, morally, politically, or commercially, and only throw out these few hints for the benefit of my brother farmers, who are now very unnecessarily alarmed. One frightened man will frighten a crowd, and one cowardly or frightened regiment will cause confusion in an army. OLD FARMER.

Monroe Co., N. Y., 1861.

CROPS, &c., IN OAKLAND CO., MICH.

DEAR RURAL:—After more than six weeks of dry weather, almost without dew or rain, is it any wonder we feel good natured to have a generous shower? The rain has come and we are glad, but it is too late to benefit some crops—barley, oats, spring wheat and potatoes are beyond help. Early sown barley and oats, although short in the straw, will yield a fair crop. Early potatoes have so far ripened as to commence a second growth. Corn will, in some situations, improve by the present rains, and yield a moderate crop; but in hard soils, or gravel ridges, it will be lost labor, unless as fallow, and sown to wheat, which will be the case with many fields. Hay matured early, but generally well, and from new meadows a heavy crop has been cut, while from old, neglected meadows, the negligent farmer has received about what was his due. Winter wheat has been harvested in the best of order, and will yield abundantly.

The bread is on hand in great abundance. With the old corn, and the small crop of new, we will make the pork, beef, etc. But in this part of the State we are not likely to have our teeth injured by indulging in fruit. Strawberries, currants and gooseberries have been a light crop, compared with last year's, but the most abundant of this season. All other small fruits have been injured by the drouth, and are worthless. Of cherries, peaches, plums, quinces and pears there will be no stealing this year, which will be a great blessing to those who cannot resist temptation. We shall have a few apples, but cider drinkers can this year cure up their sore eyes, red noses, and pimpled cheeks, which have been so troublesome since last year's abundant crop. * * *

But these are *dry times* out here. The life blood of commerce flows heavily, or determines to the head, and leaves the extremities a poor, cold share. I suppose the nation has a touch of *bilious fever*, and that after a full prescription of *pills* and *powder* we may see a favorable change—so we will try to "weather Sandy Hook." We could get along very well if we could get 40 or 50 cents for our wool, but to pay more for sugar and get less for wool, that's the rub. But as I heard a friend say, with a good degree of patriotism in his eye, (and he meant to say it with his lips, but self interest got in the way,) "The Government must have the money—let them put on the duties; as for my part, I can eat my pies without sugar."

Now, Mr. RURAL, as you occupy a conspicuous place as a finger-board on the highway of life, guiding men to wealth and happiness, (I do not mean that all who get rich are happy, but your aim and directions, if followed, would lead to both,) like that useful instrument, many eyes are upon you. Some read with care, and others carelessly, while others make a target of you. Well, never mind; it is better to suffer in a good cause than to prosper in a bad one. But I have more sympathy for you on account of your friends than your enemies; for it must be distressing to be supposed to *know everything*, and under obligation to reply to every one's questions—and then, asked questions that nobody knows, and called a humbug if you don't answer; or, if you do answer correctly, they don't know it, and berate you because you did not give the answer they wanted. Half the questions asked are put by the *knowing ones*, to be confirmed in their wise opinions.

But I have a question to ask, and should not have said anything about other people's motives, but I ask not for myself, and have no interest direct in the matter. I have some of the most honorable neighbors that can be found in any State. They have large quantities of wool, of fine quality, and done up in the best possible style. Now, is there no way by which they can open communication directly with factories—that will give them a fair price, without paying an intermediate agency or allowance for dirt? When wool is put up with great care by honest men, it is not fair that they should help pay for other people's dishonesty or carelessness; and I think manufacturers, by opening a direct trade with such men, would find it much to their advantage.

Troy, Oakland Co., Mich., July 30, 1861. A. S.

CROPS IN WALWORTH CO., WIS.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Being a constant reader of your paper, and not having noticed therein any report of the crops from this section, I give you a brief statement of our prospect for the present season. We are now mostly through harvest, and can arrive at some definite conclusions in regard to the yield of wheat. I think I can safely say that our wheat will not average over *ten* bushels per acre in this county, and from other counties the reports indicate a slim yield. We have had a bad season all through for the growing crops. In the first place, a cold, wet spring, that retarded sowing. It afterward came off very dry, and remained so for some time, baking the ground so hard as to check the growth of wheat, which headed out short and thin on the ground. The wheat being late, the chinch bug worked in it very much, the ground being completely covered with them. These are the causes that have shortened the crop. I am a practical farmer, and know whereof I write. Last year I commenced sowing wheat the 20th of March, ground in fine order, yield 32 bushels per acre; this year commenced April 15th—nearly one month difference. Wheat is our staple crop and what we depend on most. I think if farmers were to write more in regard to the crops, the people at large would have a better idea of the yield than they do now from the reports of commercial correspondents to the city presses, who ride along the roads and make superficial observations. Oats are good; barley very poor; corn, some good, and a good deal very poor; the grub worked in corn on sod ground very much.

East Troy, Wis., Aug. 12, 1861. W

THE ARMY WORM IN NEW YORK.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Between this date and the 5th, a worm has made its appearance two and a half miles from Horseheads, north, and eight and a half from Elmira, which, from the description, must be the army worm. They originated in a barley field, and are spreading from it in every direction. There are millions of them, and they are devouring everything in their way that is palatable. None of our inhabitants have ever seen the like. The ground where they have been looks as if it had been strewn with salt, or a severe drouth had turned it yellow. The worms are from one inch to two inches long, whitish under side, with stripes on the sides, rather larger in the middle. We ask those in sections where they have been, if there is any way to head them, or how they may be destroyed.

Horseheads, N. Y., Aug. 14. D. B. WESTLAKE.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—That fearful scourge, the army worm, has made its appearance in this vicinity, leaving destruction in its pathway. In some fields but few are seen, working in squads, while in others, countless millions sweep everything green before them. How came they here so suddenly? What is their origin, where did they come from, how do they increase, and when will they leave? are questions that we of this section would like to have answered through the RURAL.

Spring Mills, Alleg. Co., N. Y., Aug. 12. C. L. HOTT.

Mr. LAFAYETTE SULLIVAN, of the town of Hamlin, in this county, informs us that the army worm has destroyed on his farm about twenty acres of wheat, and commenced on a field of corn, when, by plowing deep furrows, with the aid of the spade, deep trenches were formed, and the worm thus effectually headed and destroyed, and the corn saved.

ANOTHER MODEL FLOCK OF SHEEP.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—I notice in your issue of the 20th ult., an article headed "A Model Little Flock of Sheep," and the owner, Mr. DAVID T. BOWEN, says if any one can beat it, he would like facts and figures. I therefore write you, and give you the result of my flock.

I sheared, on the 27th of June last, 43 lambs, after being *very well washed*, and the whole average per head was seven lbs. and one and one-half ounces. One ewe sheared nine lbs. and fifteen ozs.; another ewe eight lbs. and twelve ozs.; the buck nine lbs. and four ozs. These (forty-three) lambs were *all* born in 1860, from the 10th to the 25th of May, except one, which was born the 16th of July. The lambs have not had extra care, were fed on straw and hay, and on the 15th of December last commenced feeding them a few oats, and *all* the forty-three had was *just* three bushels of grain (oats). The yard where they were kept was rather an inferior one. These sheep are the Spanish Merino. The mothers of these lambs averaged a trifle over five lbs. each, and they had no extra care and *no* grain. There were three lambs and the lamb buck which sheared nine lbs. and four ozs., that had no grain at all. A. D. P. CUYLER.

Cuylerville, N. Y., 1861.

Rural Spirit of the Press.

Flax in Canada.

THE Editor of the Galt *Reformer* has been ruralizing for a short period, and states:—"When recently in the township of Waterloo, we were very much gratified to notice that many farmers are entering extensively into the cultivation of flax. In traveling a short distance, we noticed a number of different fields, all of which appeared to be in a very prosperous condition. The fibre of the flax is very fine, and when growing, in the fields, its appearance is very pleasing. Its flower is of a light blue color, which, combined with the light green stalk, gives the field more the appearance of a flower garden than of being devoted to agricultural uses. Some fields sown with millet are also to be seen a short distance from Galt. Our agriculturists are entering upon the higher branches of farming with enterprise and spirit. May they reap that reward which their industry and perseverance deserve."

Rye Grass.

THE cultivation of rye grass in the United States has never been carried to any considerable extent, except (so far as we have been able to learn) in a few instances. The Messrs. Rayhold, of Delaware, were among the first to give it a fair trial. How much of the credit which these gentlemen received for producing the largest and finest mutton ever sent to the Philadelphia market, is attributable to rye grass pasture, we have no means of telling, but we are induced to think that something at least is due to it.

For hay, rye grass has not been so favorably regard as timothy and some other of our leading grasses. This we are inclined to attribute to the fact that it is less bulky, and decidedly heavier when cured than any other. We have been informed by several practical farmers, that horses prefer it to timothy, and that pound for pound they appear to thrive equally well upon it.

Perennial Rye Grass (*Lolium perenne*) has been cultivated in England more than any other kind. There are numerous varieties of it, and its reputation as an important and valuable grass plant ranks very high with English farmers. Its roots are fibrous, and it succeeds well upon a variety of soils, though, perhaps, best upon such as are moderately moist. Its seeds ripen uniformly, and as it produces profusely, great facilities for propagation are afforded.

One of the principal merits of this grass consists in its complete adaptation for sowing with clover. Having a stiff stalk, it supports the clover to a certain extent, and prevents its lodging, while its more rapid growth protects the clover in its earlier stages.

As a pasture grass, it has strong claims upon the consideration of farmers. It is not only one of our earliest grasses, but one of the latest also. Mr. B. Rayhold (to whom we have already referred,) in reply to inquiries addressed him a few years since, says of it:

"My experience in the use of rye grass has been, that cattle, sheep or horses, prefer it, either for pasture or hay, to timothy. For pasture, it will afford more feed than any other kind of grass; in fact, it requires to be fed close to prevent it from getting rank and going to seed. The quantity to be sown per acre, is one peck, if sowed with clover, and two pecks sown alone. I sow either in the fall or spring, but think it takes best in the fall. It does well in spring also, sown at the same time with clover. It ripens for mowing one or two days earlier than clover; it is, therefore, better to be sown with clover or timothy. Its fattening qualities are equal to the best natural grown grasses."

This is the testimony of one who has given this grass a fair trial. In the absence of any thing of an opposite character, we have every reason to think its more general introduction would be desirable. If any of our readers have experimented with it, we shall be pleased to hear the results.

The height of this grass is about three feet. It flowers early in June in favorable seasons, and ripens its seeds in three weeks after flowering. When it is desired to save the seed, the cutting should be done two weeks after flowering, as the seeds are easily shaken off and lost when too ripe.

The stems tiller very much, the lateral leaves being very abundant, giving it a special value as a pasture grass.—*Farmer and Gardener.*

Ringbone Curable.

DR. R. THOMPSON writes to the *Ohio Farmer*, that to cure the semi-osseous deposit, called ringbone, the animal must be thrown and well secured; with a strong scalpel make a crucial incision over the highest part of the tumor. Having dissected the four angles of the skin, back to a line corresponding with the base of the tumor, expose the entire surface of the morbid mass to view. The next step in the operation is the removal of the unnatural growth by the appropriate use of a carpenter's three-fourths or inch gouge; either manipulated with the hand alone, or assisted by the gentle use of a light mallet. With a proper knowledge of the parts involved in the operation and due care, there need be no fears of opening the articular capsule. Leaving the surface of the bone as smooth as possible, the angles of the skin are brought firmly together by means of a strong needle and cord the size of a slender fishing-line. A few slips of adhesive plaster will add much to the security of the dressing, and consequently to the more speedy healing of the wound. To these ends, also, the quietude of the horse will contribute greatly. Over this a few turns of bandage may be thrown and firmly secured. Should the parts become swollen, tepid water and whiskey may be freely applied by pouring every eight or ten hours, until the swelling subsides. Whether there is anything new in this I do not pretend to say; but this I do know, that by this safe and simple operation I saw a horse cured of the "ringbone" within the space of two weeks, where previous to the operation he could scarcely mark the ground with the tip of the hoof, so great was his suffering.

The Labor and Rest of the Horse.

Teamsters and draymen too generally suppose that it is more economical to haul large loads of freight, with their horses and teams, than medium sized ones. But I think there is nothing gained in time by piling freight high, upon a carriage, for its transportation. For it requires more time, and strength, and care to load the topmost portion of a large quantity of freight upon the same carriage, and to secure it in place, and to unload such portion, than it would to load and unload it upon and from another carriage, or to return for it.

With a large load, the team must move slowly, and to quicken its speed would strain, worry, fatigue, and injure it. A team that is much used to hauling large loads soon becomes so stiffened as to move at a snail's pace even without a load.

Such horses soon depreciate in value, and their usefulness diminishes fast. It is more humane and economical to so use the horse as not to abuse him, not to overload or overwork him. He should not be worked too long without rest. In the long days of summer, he should be stabled early, and should not be put to work till after seven o'clock in the morning. For he needs much time for rest, when the days are long, and he will eat more between the hours of six and seven in the morning than earlier. He should not be fed heartily at night, but lightly, and grained in the morning. It is better to work him to high twelve at noon, than very early in the morning, before he has rested and eaten sufficiently to strengthen and refresh him.

The working horse should be protected, in the stable, at least, against the annoyance of flies. They may be kept out with temporary doors and window shutters of seive or gauze cloth. And they may be destroyed with fly poison.

If the horse has an uncurbed head, and a natural tail, or one that has never been pricked, docked, or pulled, he can brush away the insects by day that so much annoy him.

The Worst Breed of Hogs.

MUCH has been said in the agricultural press concerning the *best* breed of swine for all purposes, and to good purpose, doubtless, but a correspondent of the *Northwestern Farmer*, who thinks the "racers," "peripatetic corn-cribs," *et id omne genus*, have been overlooked in the excitement about Berkshires, Chester Whites, etc., relieves his mind thus:

There is great difference of opinion with regard to the best breed of hogs—not so much, we think, with regard to the worst. And though some may think that "a *full corn crib is the best breed*," yet we respectfully beg leave to differ. Your humble servant last year had a present of two pigs "of extra breed," and wishing to get a stock of the "extra breed," took particularly good care of them. They grew "like ill weeds," as a neighbor told me—and so they did—precisely—long, tall, and thin, and fast withal. They progressed—principally in bones—finely, till this spring, when, having some scattered grain in the stack yard, we turned them into it—and presto! in a few days one pig, or hog, rather, had eaten eight ducks, and how many chickens we couldn't say, as we didn't keep count. Feeling satisfied that they were an "extra breed," we built a pen, not quite a mile from the house, and forthwith immured the carnivorous animal for the remainder of his natural life—not wishing to trust him with other hogs, knowing that "evil communications," etc. Now my private opinion is, that these belong to the breed that got an evil spirit into them, and then ran down a steep hill, into a certain lake, where most of them were drowned; though some of them must have escaped, else how came they here?

The moral is, that a good breed is even better than a full crib—for these hogs (and I *know* there are plenty more like them) got all the corn and slop they could dispose of. And instead of thriving as decent porkers should, they are little more than skin and bone. They will doubtless be large hogs when they get fat—the date of which fact is rather uncertain,—in fact, rather mythological.

Now, why will farmers keep such land sharks? Any farmer can take a good Suffolk, or Chester White hog, and raise at least double the amount of much better pork, with the same quantity of feed. It wouldn't be a bad idea, I think, if the legislature would offer a bounty, of say two dollars a head, for the slaughter of the long-legged, long-nosed breed,—three, four, and five rowed hogs, as a neighbor calls them; "because," says he, "they can stand outside the fence, and reach their noses, or snouts, to the third, fourth, and fifth row of potatoes." We feel satisfied that the time will come when they will be looked upon as a curiosity.

Inquiries and Answers.

PUERPERAL FEVER IN COWS.—I have just lost a valuable cow from what is called "milk fever." The cow came in Sunday P. M.; on Tuesday morning seemed entirely well, at 6 o'clock I found her unable to get up and suffering acute pain. Supposing it to be *bloat*, I gave her *soda and water*,—in one hour afterwards, two junk bottles of hogs lard and molasses,—two hours later repeated the dose. Next morning she seemed the same. Commenced giving boneset tea, six quarts every three hours,—gave eighteen quarts. Next bled her in the neck, took two quarts blood and gave tablespoonful saltpetre. No relief. Next an injection of milk, soap and salt. Evening no better. Then put a *live bullfrog* down her throat; in the morning animal dead. Now can any reader of the RURAL advise me how to treat the disease, for I never heard of a cow being cured of it. On examining the stomach I found the manifolds quite full of *dry grass*—no moisture to it. I must also add that the afterbirth was taken away from her after she had commenced to eat it.—YOUNG STOCK GROWER, *Crawford Co., Pa.*, 1861.

In fever of this nature the digestive organs first fail in the performance of their peculiar functions, and the secondary, or low stage of fever supervenes. The rumen ceases to discharge its food, and its retention soon causes fermentation, the paunch and intestines become inflated with fetid gas, and the belly swells rapidly. Next, the nervous system is attacked, and the cow begins to stagger. The weakness is principally observable in the hind quarters. The duration of this second stage of puerperal fever is uncertain, but although it is usually of longer period than the first, the time in which hope may be indulged is short.

In the old practice bleeding would be first brought into requisition, the amount to be abstracted depending upon the nature of the pulse, to determine which accurate observation is needful. Next, in order of time, but first in importance, is physic. The bowels must be opened or the animal will inevitably perish; but the fever having been subdued by judicious bleeding, and the bowels afterward being excited to action, recovery is measurably assured. The medicine should be active,—we cannot trifle with impunity. A scruple of the farina of the Croton nut and a pound of Epsom salts forms a medium dose. If the animal is large, increase the salts. Doses of half a pound ought to be given until purgation has commenced, adding the usual quantity of aromatic medicine, for the constitution of the animal's stomach must not be overlooked. If twenty-four hours pass without purging, give strong stimulants in order to contract the stomach and induce it to expel its contents. Two drachms each of ginger, gentian and carraway powder, with half a pint of old ale may be advantageously given with each dose of physic. Warm water with Epsom salts in it, or warm water and soap, will form the best injection, and should be thrown up frequently and in large quantities. If constipation obstinately continues, the use of considerable quantities of warm water, to soften and dissolve the hard mass of undigested food remaining in the rumen, will permit the medicine to come more directly in contact with the coats of the stomach.

In addition to the medical treatment we must not forget the comfort of the patient. She should be moved and turned morning and night to prevent soreness and excoriation. Warm water and gruel should be frequently offered, and if refused, let her be drenched moderately with thick gruel. Mashes may be given with a little hay, but while giving *moderate nourishment*, the nature of the malady must be borne in mind lest the fires of fever once again burn fiercely. Having opened the bowels and subdued the fever, all after care necessary is judicious treatment, which can only be regulated by the condition of the patient. As a general thing little is needed but attention and the exercise of thoughtfulness as regards the diet.

Dr. DADD's method of treatment for Milk Fever we extract from the *American Cattle Doctor*, as follows:—"Aperients are exceedingly important in the early stages, for they liberate any offending matter that may have accumulated in the different compartments of the stomach or intestines, and deplete the system with more certainty and less danger than blood-letting.

Aperient for Puerperal Fever—Rochelle salts, 4 ounces; manna, 2 ounces, extract of butternut, half an ounce; dissolve in boiling water, 5 quarts. To be given at a dose.

By the aid of one or more of the following drinks, the aperient will generally operate:—Give a bountiful supply of hyssop tea, sweetened with honey. Keep the surface warm. Suppose the secretion of milk to be arrested; then apply warm fomentations to the udder. Suppose the bowels to be torpid; then use injections of soap suds and salt. Suppose the animal to be in poor condition, then give the following: Powdered balmony or gentian, 1 ounce; golden seal, 1 ounce; flour gruel, 1 gallon. To be given in quart doses, every four hours.

Suppose the bowels to be distended with gas; then give the following:—Powdered caraways, 1 ounce; assafœtida, 1 teaspoonful; boiling water, 2 quarts. To be given at a dose.

Any of the above preparations may be repeated, as circumstances seem to require. Yet it must be borne in mind that we are apt to do too much, and that the province of the good physician is 'to know when to do nothing.'"

A SURE CURE FOR RINGBONE.—Having seen it stated in the column of "Inquiries and Answers," in the RURAL, that Ringbone cannot be cured, and knowing that such is the expressed opinion of many veterinarians, because of the fact that it is a deposit of bony substance, and consequently beyond the reach of medicine, I send my experience:—Although various recipes have been published, yet many of them are worthless, others cause an unsightly sore, thus increasing the lameness without being of the least benefit. To any one having a horse afflicted with this troublesome disease, this recipe is worth many times the subscription price of the RURAL, and if applied according to directions, will, in every instance, effect a cure, and remove most of the enlargement on colts and young horses. On old horses the lameness will be removed, but the enlargement will remain. Take of oil of origanum, oil of spike, oil of vitriol, Venice turpentine, spirits of turpentine, each one half ounce, add two gills sorrier's oil, mix thoroughly, and keep well corked. Apply the medicine one morning, and wash it off the next morning with strong soap suds; the third morning apply the medicine again, and wash as before. Continue this process for eighteen days. Frequently the horse continues to grow lame while under treatment, but will entirely recover in time. Having tried the foregoing to my satisfaction, I will stake my reputation on its efficiency to cure the worst cases without removing the hair or making a sore. Try it, and report through the RURAL.—M. A. H., *Avoca, N. Y.*, 1861.

CLOVER BLOAT IN CATTLE.—I saw in a late RURAL a sketch from the *Michigan Farmer*, on clover bloat in cattle. There is no difficulty in curing it, if it can be taken in season. Cattle will sometimes be taken with it and die in the night. Tar will cure it. The best way to administer it is to put it in an egg shell, pull out the tongue, take a stick and crowd it into the throat. If the first dose does not cure, apply the second in a few minutes. I have assisted in dozens of cases, and never knew it to fail. I never had but one horse bloat on clover, and I cured that by giving one pint of *fever ague bitters*, but I would not recommend such medicine, because, if the biped should happen to like such doctor stuff better than the horse would, which is often the case, he might drink it and cheat the horse.—WM. CONE, *Troy, Mich.*, 1861.

QUINSY IN HOGS.—Two years ago I lost a valuable breeding sow and three young pigs from quinsy. The symptoms noted were as follows:—"Total loss of appetite; breathing hard; swelled throat; considerable fever, and death finally supervened. I was advised to put a rowel, composed of strips of leather, in each side of the neck of any that might be attacked thereafter. As the disease ran through my stock, I had the opportunity of testing its efficacy, and the result was I saved the rest of my hogs.—J. H., *North Fairfield, Ohio.*

Rural Notes and Items.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS FOR 1861.—We append a list of State Fairs to be held this fall, so far as ascertained. A list of local Fairs, in this and other States, will be given in a week or two. Meantime, officers of County, Union, and Town Societies, will confer a favor by advising us as to the times and places at which their Fairs are to be held.

New York, Watertown	Sept. 17—20
Ohio, Dayton	Sept. 10—13
Michigan, Detroit	Sept. 24—27
Illinois, Chicago	Sept. 9—14
Iowa, Iowa City	Sept. 24—27
Wisconsin, Madison	Sept. 23—27
Canada West, London	Sept. 24—27
Kentucky, Louisville	Sept. 17—21
Minnesota, St. Paul	Sept. 24—27
Vermont, Rutland	Sept. 10—13
California, Sacramento	Sept. 16—21
Oregon, Oregon City	Oct. 1— 4
Milwaukee Ag. and Mech. Association	Sept. 2— 6
National Horse Show, Ottawa, Ill.	Sept. 3— 6

THE ARMY WORM IN WESTERN NEW YORK.—We have reports of the appearance and ravages of the army worm in two or three localities of Western and Southern New York, and fear no little damage has already been caused. Indeed, it is said that whole fields of wheat, oats, and corn have been destroyed in the Western part of this county—the worm proving quite destructive in the towns of Hamlin and Parma. We hope the reports received are exaggerated, yet expect to hear of more or less injury or alarm from the appearance of the worm in various sections of this State. The season is so far advanced, however—and the crops likely to be affected so near maturing—that we think the damage cannot prove very extensive. The worm commenced operations in Illinois, Tennessee, Kentucky, &c., in June last, and subsequently made its appearance in New England and elsewhere. The best remedy (as we noted some months ago) is said to be to make trenches as deep as it is practicable to plow them, as this stops the progress of the worm. Many Illinois farmers run deep furrows around their grass, corn, and wheat crops, the land side toward the field. It is best to use sharp coulter, in order to present a smooth, unbroken wall to the enemy. As the worms are unable to surmount this, their progress and depredations are measurably checked.

—Since the above was written, and while closing this paper for the press, a letter from Erie Co. says the Army Worm has made its appearance in the grain fields around Buffalo, and is committing great ravages. We have also just received the following from WM. O. TAYLOR, of Bedford, O.:

How to Trap the Army Worm.—Provide a quantity of short pieces of plank, boards, flat sticks of fire wood, &c., and place them on the grass in their line of march, or at any place you wish to protect. Examine them in the morning. If they are very thick, you may slay thousands with a good supply of hot water and a garden watering pot. They feed and travel from about 4 P. M. until about 8 A. M., or later on cloudy mornings, and hide, if they can, when filled. They seem to prefer grass. About two weeks ago they were found here for the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitants. Their time is short; very few can now be found. I should like to hear of their manner of re production.

IMPROVED STOCK AT THE STATE FAIR.—The Journal of the State Ag. Society announces that the Arabian horses (presented to Ex Gov. SEWARD) now in charge of the Society, are in fine condition, and will be exhibited at the State Fair at Watertown. Also, that DAVENPORT & Co., of Westchester, will have on exhibition several fine Percheron horses. The Journal is also advised that there will be exhibited at Watertown—from the Eastern and Southern portions of the State—Short-horn, Devon, Ayrshire, and Alderney cattle, Long-Wooled, South Down, and Fine-Wooled Sheep, and thorough-bred and other horses. It is added that "our Canadian friends will enter the field with a larger show of stock than we have ever had from there"—of which we have no doubt, as the location is very convenient for some of the best breeders in the Province. The breeders of Western, Central, and Northern New York, ought to be well represented on the occasion.

THE SUGAR CANE PROSPECTS are quite promising at the West, as we learn from both letters and exchanges. The *Prairie Farmer* of the 15th thus itemizes [redacted] subject:—"We learn from a gentleman from Cedar Co., Iowa, that the amount of cane growing there is in excess of last year, and is in a very forward state of growth, promising a good yield. Several mills will be introduced into that section of the State. From many other parts of Iowa and Wisconsin, we hear of preparations being made on a large scale to work up the crop in the vicinity. In our own State, we learn that the experiment of putting up large works in various places prospered so well the past season that several more will be put in operation this season. Messrs. HENNING & STUART, at Plano, La Salle Co., are putting up a steam apparatus capable of working up 400 or 500 gallons per day. Mr. J. B. LYON is making arrangements to run the mill at Earlville this fall, with a capacity of 600 to 700 gallons per 24 hours. The demand for mills and evaporators, we should judge, will be very large."

MORE ABOUT THE WEEVIL-PROOF WHEAT.—In response to our inquiry for information, Mr. E. W. YOUNG, of Sweden, this county, furnishes the following statement:—"Last fall I procured of Mr. BOWERS, of Byron, eight bushels of the Lambert Weevil-Proof Wheat, and sowed it with drill on six and a half acres of summer fallow. Its yield was thirty-one bushels per acre. The straw is small, and heads short. The quality, I think, is better than the Mediterranean; it is a little lighter colored, the berry smaller and more even in size than the Mediterranean. It makes better flour than any red wheat I ever saw—is full as early as the Mediterranean, and entirely free from weevil. I have it this year mixed half Mediterranean and half Weevil-Proof. In the few, late heads of Mediterranean, I can find plenty of weevil, but none in the Lambert, so I think it can safely be called 'Weevil Proof.' I think it one of the best varieties of wheat that can be raised in this section, if not *the* best."

MULES FOR ARMY WAGONS.—It seems that large numbers of mules are being purchased for use by the army. A Washington paper states that about 200 mules are taken in trains to that city, two or three times a week. They are driven up from the depot and through the streets like so many sheep, and are taken to the training fields, near the Observatory. They are purchased in Kentucky and Ohio. When they are brought to Baltimore, *en route*, they are pastured in droves of twelve hundred to fifteen hundred, at three cents a head, per day, and taken on to Washington as cars and railroad facilities offer. They make powerful draft animals, are easily kept, and answer admirably for the heavy government wagons, four to a team.

THE APHIS IN CLINTON COUNTY.—We have received a copy of the *Plattsburgh Express* containing a marked notice of "an insect, new in that part of the country, which is making sad havoc with the wheat and oats," and also a number of the insects. It is the aphis which we have received in such large numbers from all sections of this State and the Eastern States. A pretty full account of this insect will be found in the RURAL of the 17th inst.

FINE SPRING WHEAT.—Mr. JOHN T. STANDRING, of Deer River, Lewis Co., N. Y., sends us several fine heads of spring wheat, known as the Mammoth or California variety—the seed having come from California two years ago. The heads are long (about four inches,) bearded, and the berry large. Mr. S. has about fifteen acres, part of which was ready to cut on the 16th inst. He says it is very stout; the straw from 2 feet 6 to 5 feet 8 inches.

THE HOP CROP is reported to be improving. The *Cooperstown Journal* states that the vine in that vicinity continues to improve in appearance, and the indications now are that there will be more hops picked this fall than the estimate of a month ago. But few contracts are being made in the country, there being no settled price; and growers generally are inclined to wait and take the chances of the market.

FINE FLAX.—To ISAAC BOWER, of Chili, we are indebted for the finest sample of flax we have seen for a long time. It is four feet in height, and the seed plump and abundant. We learn that an unusual quantity of flax will be harvested the present season in this section.

HORTICULTURAL.

NOTES IN THE GARDEN.

PEARS are scarce this season. The Louise Bonne de Jersey and a few other varieties are giving a good crop. The Doyenne d'Ete is just over, and the Bloodgood and Beurre Giffard are ripening. Several early varieties of apples are in season or just over, and none are equal in beauty and productiveness to the Red Astrachan. It is a little too acid for some tastes, but is a most excellent apple, always fair, beautiful and abundant. Of plums we have about none, and this is the first season in ten years that we could make this statement truthfully. The peach trees are slowly recovering from the effects of the unfavorable winter and spring. The leaves became curled in May and dropped off, and it was not until late in July that any considerable growth was made on young and vigorous trees, while old trees will not recover. Now a tolerable growth is being made, but we doubt whether it will be in suitable condition to endure another hard winter. If, therefore, the next winter should be severe, we may anticipate the entire destruction of many of the trees that have already suffered so severely. The apple crop will be light, and the early varieties are much injured by the curculio. The dwarf trees are bearing well, and there are few more beautiful objects in the garden than these miniature apple trees covered with fruit.

The small fruits, with the exception of currants, have borne well, and the New Rochelle Blackberry we never saw finer. In many places, however, we see evidences of neglect. We make a hobby of a particular fruit for a few years, treat it well, get fine crops, and speak its praise. In a few years we begin to neglect it for some new hobby. This is the way we have treated strawberries. About the time Hovey's Seedling was first disseminated, all the amateur gardeners in this section engaged in strawberry culture, and specimens were grown and exhibited here that would not disgrace a London exhibition. Burr's New Pine followed, and magnificent dishes of this delicious strawberry were shown by the side of Hovey. Now, we think not half a dozen quarts of either are grown in the county, and very few beds are to be found even in tolerable condition. Such a course as this tends very much to retard the progress of fruit culture.

In the FLOWER GARDEN the annuals are now the most attractive. Those who obtained good Balsam seed, planted in a rich soil, and pinched off the side shoots, will now have a most magnificent show. Balsams, however, when planted within a foot or so of each other, and the side shoots are allowed to grow, are very ineffective. The humble Portulacca, that will grow like weeds in any dry, light sandy soil, and endure the hottest, driest weather, is really one of the best garden adornments, and can be put to more useful purposes than any other flower. Any vacant bed can be filled with it, even when in flower, regardless of the state of the weather, and nothing is more brilliant. Every year adds to the variety and beauty of the colors, and the later striped varieties are exceedingly fine. A good bed of Phlox Drummondi is now an object of great beauty. Great has been the improvement in the past few years. Now they are of every shade of color from white to the deepest, richest purple, with eyes almost as brilliant as those of the gazelle. Like the Portulacca, it is just suited to our climate. Those who were fortunate enough to obtain seeds of the New Double Zinnia, and still more fortunate in growing double flowers from the seed sown, are delighted with it. Like the preceding, it is well suited to an American season. We have flowers perfectly double that have been in bloom more than five weeks, and yet show little signs of failing. This is a valuable quality in the Zinnia, and will make it valuable. VILMORIN advertised that fifty per cent. of the flowers would be double, but we have only obtained some ten to twelve per cent. of good flowers. Some, therefore, who grew but a few plants, may not obtain a good flower, and think the whole thing a cheat. This is not so, and to-day we could doubtless cut flowers as perfect as those that caused such an excitement in London last season. In a year or two more the character of the flower will be established, seeds plenty, and more variety in color obtained.

The Gaillardia is not as well known as it deserves to be. When planted so as to cover the whole ground, they produce a fine effect, with their unique display of colors,—a brownish red edged with yellow. Grandiflora is red, with orange edge; Josephus, red, yellow edge; Picta, red, with a wide yellow margin; Alba marginata, red, with white margin, rather pretty, but not as showy as the others.



GAILLARDIA.

The Godetia, like the preceding, should be planted so as to prevent exposure of the bare ground; then the effect is fine; but if planted far apart they appear insignificant. Rubicunda and Amoena are the best varieties we have this season. Wildenowi has proved worthless.

WESTERN EDITORIAL NOTES.

WITH the Horticulturists about Bloomington I have spent considerable time, and my note book contains many items of value to Western men, or Eastern men intending to settle in the West. I propose to transfer some of the more important sayings of these men to the pages of the RURAL. I hope they may interest many Eastern men.

F. K. PHŒNIX—WHAT HE HAS.

The greater part of two days were passed pleasantly and profitably with this enthusiastic Horticulturist. He has 140 acres in nursery—20 acres in apple stocks, 20 in root grafts, 25 acres in apples one year past, 15 do. 2 years past, 15 do. 3 and 4 years, and 40 acres in other fruit and ornamentals. Such is, briefly, his field of operations. His trees are very well grown indeed, and he has few *old trees*. It is proper to say here that the planting of *young* trees is being more generally adopted than formerly, in the West. And it is more generally recommended, because the per centum of young trees that live, thrive, and bear fruit, with the half-way culture of a large proportion of planters, is much greater than of old trees. It is true it need not necessarily be so, but there is the *fact* outbored fast. Only a day or two since, talking with an intelligent amateur cultivator who had been very successful with his trees, he said, "I would not buy to plant, an apple tree less than *five* years old. With but little more care they may be made to grow as well as the younger trees, and they produce much sooner." Well, we can grant it, but the *fact* is, our best orchards were planted when the trees were *young*. But let the trees be planted. And in urging the planting of trees, the writer finds it necessary to caution the planter against planting to many. "Too *many?*" inquires AMOS BEREADTHIN, who wonders what we mean. Yes, too many, dear sir!—*too many* means more than you can well cultivate and care for well. There are some sapheads whom we would advise never to plant a tree—not that we care anything about them, but we want to save the country from the curse of their tree planting. They not only neglect to cultivate the tree, but fail to plant it where and as it ought to be planted. The tree dies, and the *climate* killed it! Immediately follows a *howl* about the climate, and the echo East and everywhere is, "The West is not a fruit country." We advise such people not to plant, but rest easy, dear souls, until your neighbor, with more faith and greater perseverance, points to his harvests and demonstrates what *can* be done.

THIS IS A FRUIT COUNTRY—PEACHES AND PHŒNIX.

A few years ago—less than ten—the writer visited peach orchards in Northern and Central Illinois, which were in full bearing, did bear, and had borne bountifully for years. A hard winter came, trees were killed, entirely destroyed. People at once ignored the fact that peach trees had before grown and fruited—that the cost of producing the trees had been tenfold repaid them by fruit gathered—that the winter was an exceptional one, and that the disaster was not as great in proportion as the destruction of a single crop of wheat. I say all this was ignored, and few have since planted the peach. The few that have, are this season rejoicing over a fine crop. *There is no doubt* that the same expenditure of intelligent effort annually, to grow a crop of fruit, that is made to grow a crop of corn in this country, will result in as great cash return to the farmer as the corn crop yields him. The writer has abundant data establishing this fact.

But, talking of peaches, here is a grove of seedlings—a thicket of them, which have been left standing as they stood in the nursery rows—a few thinned out—that are full of fruit. The seedlings are both hardier and more productive than the budded or grafted fruit. Mr. PHŒNIX urges that every man who buys a basket of peaches for his wife to can or preserve, plant the stones, and he will soon have fruit of his own growing. He says each farmer should have from one to forty acres, planted closely, in peaches; if for no other purpose than to supply fuel, it is worth growing for that purpose. There is one fact which I have observed, and which, without doubt, it is important to the planter that he should regard. That the fruitful peach trees are those grown in clumps, closely planted with each other, or intermixed with other fruit trees. Whether it is the protection the one class of trees has or not, those planted in thickets are almost invariably bearing this year, while those planted in open ground are barren of fruit.

MILDEW ON GOOSEBERRIES.

Here are the Houghton and American seedlings. They are bearing, but they mildew some. PHŒNIX says there are some old ladies in town who have a way of preventing mildew, or rather of dispersing it after it has appeared. They know when it is coming by its "first appearance" upon the ends of the shoots; they at once proceed to *whip* off the ends of the tender twigs, and the mildew disappears; they are not further troubled.

CURRANT CULTURE.

Here is a plantation of them. The Red Dutch is a favorite berry. It produces abundantly, and in flavor compares favorably with any other red variety. We learn there is a growing demand for this fruit hereabouts—many planting largely for wine and others for market, shipping the fruit both north to Chicago and south to St. Louis. Mr. COLEMAN, of the firm of COLEMAN & DRAKE, near by, told me that he had been urged by St. Louiseans to plant the currant largely for that market, it being an excellent one for this fruit.

[Some interesting notes of the Ornamental Trees suited for beauty, shade, and [illegible] at the West, we reserve for our next issue.]

THE PATENT OFFICE.

THE Editor of the *Gardener's Monthly*, after describing the way in which the Philadelphia parks have been managed by politicians, pays a little attention to the work of our national managers in the same line, as follows:

"If we turn from Philadelphia to Washington, the same deplorable facts present themselves. The agricultural division of the Patent Office has proved a perfect Augean stable of corruption and shameless ignorance, that ought to lead the first originator of the idea to the same fate as the originator of the guillotine, and his heart break at the perversion of his patriotic intentions. Many a Hercules has attempted the cleaning process, but has signally failed. Turned out by one hole, the offensive matters enter as fast by another, and the labor is lost.

"Near the close of Mr. Buchanan's administration, the force of public opinion caused the removal of the leading incompetent, the great D. J. D. of the Patent Office reports, and it was fondly hoped that some millions would be saved to the country by the cessation of imports 'foreign wine-grapes,' 'Tea Plants,' 'Christ's Thorn seed,' 'Cork Trees,' 'Strap-leaved Turnips,' and scores of other items, useless rubbish, which have not, nor ever will be of one cent's worth of benefit to this country for all the outlay. Well, this distinguished Dee (D. J. D.) is again taken up to send abroad to gather more honey for us of the same sort. It is not his fault, but that of the system. It is said that he worked hard to get the present Commissioner of Patents into office; why should he not have his reward? Our postmasters and police, even down to the most petty officer, mostly earn their places before they get them. What they do after their appointment should be considered gratuitous on their part, and we should be thankful for any favors they may do us, in the shape of what politeness terms their 'duties'! Certainly the Patent Office officials deserve no less, and we should be satisfied.

"Seriously, we think it time that a determined effort should be made to correct these abuses. The interests of agriculture and horticulture demand that they should no longer be thus trifled with. When we see some effort made likely to be successful, we shall again resume our advocacy of public establishments. Until then our pen will be better employed in the development of the usual details of private practice."



ERHARD'S RAVENSWOOD PEAR.

FOR some time we have heard favorable reports of an early pear, known around New York as the *Ravenswood Pear*, and *Erhard's Ravenswood*. Until the present season we have not had an opportunity to examine it, and we are now indebted to Mr. ERHARD for a fine lot received in excellent order, which gives us an opportunity to judge of its quality. The tree that bears this fruit was found wild in the woods at Ravenswood, Long Island, and with several others was removed to a garden in the neighborhood. About eight years since the land on which this tree grew came into the possession of CHARLES F. ERHARD, and for the last five years it has borne fruit. During that time it has been brought to the notice of the best Pomologists in the country, and has been received with much favor. It is quite small, as our engraving shows, skin yellowish-green when ripe, with numerous small, brown specks. It is of fair quality, sweet, but not high flavored. If the *Ravenswood* is hardy, a free grower and productive, these qualities will doubtless make it popular. With our present information we see no good claim to superiority over other varieties ripening about the same time, such as Doyenne d'Ete, Madeleine, Osband's Summer, Bloodgood and Beurre Giffard.

EXPERIMENTS WITH GARDEN PEAS.

LAST spring I procured a number of kinds of peas from Messrs. THORBURN, of New York and Albany, for the purpose of experimenting, and in order to select therefrom such varieties to grow in future, as might suit the wants of my family. As the spring is always a very busy time with farmers, it being inconvenient and often impossible to spend much time in the garden during the hurried time of plowing and seeding, I was desirous of procuring a few kinds to give a proper succession if planted at the same time. We can break out a half, or perhaps even a whole day, to make up early garden, at which time early potatoes, peas, lettuce, radish, &c., can be planted, and then the garden has to lie by until spring seeding is out of the way, by which time the cultivator and hoe will be in requisition, if potatoes and peas are planted in rows as I usually cultivate them in my garden.

For the same reason, if any considerable quantity of peas are planted, and for a large family it requires no small patch, it is often quite inconvenient to stick them with brush, and therefore a pea of stout, dwarfish habit is desirable, in order to obtain a fair crop. For this purpose I find planting in the same hills or rows with potatoes answers very well.

It may be proper to state that my farm lies along the eastern shore of Seneca Lake, and the garden slopes gently to the west, lying fully exposed to the winds, which have a full sweep over the lake. A large portion of it is cultivated entirely with the plow, receiving annually a pretty heavy coating of manure, which is plowed under, and is worked mainly with the cultivator and horse-hoe, "garden truck" being planted in rows about three feet apart. No manure, for certain reasons, has been put on the garden since the spring of 1860. The soil is clay. The following notes are from memoranda in my diary:

Early Princess—A small white pea, planted April 23d, of full size and picked June 27th. Dwarfish growth, about 2½ feet, a lively light green color when cooked; sweet, and very fine. Yields well.

Daniel O'Rourke—A small white pea, planted April 23d, of full size and picked June 30th, as early, not quite as lively a green color nor so sweet as Princess. An excellent early pea, of dwarfish habit, about 2½ feet. A good bearer.

Early Kent—This is also a small white pea, of dwarfish habit of growth, about 2½ feet. Planted April 23d, picked June 30th, but not quite of so full size then as preceding, and not quite as early by some five or six days. A good pea, not as sweet as Princess, and inferior to it and O'Rourke. Yields well.

Cedo Nulli—Rather small, planted April 26, of full size and picked July 4th. About 3 feet high, sweet, and very fine. Yields well, grows finely, and is an excellent pea.

Harrison's Glory—A light green pea of good size, and dwarfish habit, about 2½ feet. Planted April 26, of full size and picked July 13th. A good bearer, sweet, and very excellent.

Harrison's Perfection—A white shriveled pea of fair size. Planted, and of full size same as Glory, and of the same growth and habit, but not so sweet. Yields well, and is very fine.

Napoleon—A pale-green shriveled pea, of dwarfish habit, about 2½ feet, and very prolific, and good size.

Eugenie.—A white shriveled pea, size, growth, and habit like Napoleon, but much sweeter. Very prolific. Both planted April 23d, and of full size July 10th. They are wrinkled Marrowfats, and those who like a dry, mealy pea, will find either of these excellent. Like all Marrowfats, they require much more cooking than other varieties.

Epp's Lord Raglan—A white or pale-green shriveled pea, growth about 3 feet. Planted April 26th, of full size August 1st, of very stout growth, and very prolific. Much later than any of the above, good size, sweet and fine. This is also a Marrowfat.

Blue Imperial—Light-blue shriveled pea of large size, and matures in medium season. Not planted with foregoing, and therefore can give no comparison. This excellent sweet pea has for years been a favorite with me, but alas it has one serious drawback. It is liable to mildew. Last year they were entirely used up. This year not the least indication of any mildew. Some years it is slightly affected, and not seriously injured.

From the above, a selection can be made which cannot fail to suit the most fastidious. To those like myself, who like a sweet, tender, juicy pea, I would say that I have selected for my own choice, Princess, Cedo Nulli, and Harrison's Glory. If these are too sweet, a good selection would be Daniel O'Rourke, Kent, and Perfection. To those who prefer a Marrowfat, substitute Napoleon or Eugenie in place of Glory or Perfection, and to either add Lord Raglan for a late pea.

I am making some experiments as to hardiness and freedom from rot, with some twenty kinds of potatoes, and will furnish some notes of general results for the RURAL if the editor thinks them of any use.

West Fayette, N. Y., 1861. GEO. S. CONOVER.

Horticultural Notes.

FRUIT IN MASSACHUSETTS.—WM. BACON, of Richmond, Mass., gives in the *Horticulturist* the following account of the prospects of fruit and the condition of the trees in Massachusetts:

Pears.—The old pear trees are pretty nearly used up; many of them entirely dead, and many more no better. Their almost leafless branches show conclusively that henceforth they will only be cumberers of the ground. Younger trees are doing better, and give some hopes of renewed fertility.

"How have the dwarfs stood it?" Ours are all alive, but not unscathed, for, in common with young standard trees, they have suffered more from blight the present summer than in all the previous period of their existence; and what is worse, this blight continues to show itself. We are careful to remove all infected branches as soon as the disease develops itself, and keep the trees as free as possible from all appearance of its progression.

Peaches.—The peach trees are all dead. So there will be no more peaches until a new crop of trees are grown. We hope no one will fail to make new efforts in behalf of peach trees. If they do, they may succeed; if they do not, they will certainly raise no peaches, and it is better to fail in making an effort in a good cause than to fail through lack of effort.

Apple Trees.—Our old orchards, in the last ten months, have made a ten year's progress in decay, as their partly dead branches fully show forth. Young trees have suffered much by a bursting and peeling off of the bark near the ground in early spring, and many of the trees so affected have died out. As far as we have been able to learn, the Baldwin has suffered most from this cause. Whether it is owing to tenderness of the tree, or the culture given it, we are not able to say.

Grape Vines, unless protected, suffered in common with fruit trees. Their vegetative powers, where they were not killed to the ground, appeared to have been stifled, so that what life they possessed appeared more like a struggle with death than like a successful effort in healthful vegetation. Such vines as were so affected, we found it better to cut down, and let them commence again, than to waste their energies in sickly uncertainty.

Currants and Gooseberries.—The only peculiarity we have seen in them, the past season, was the very novel one that they gave no blossoms above the line where they were protected by snow in that severest change in winter. The blossom buds above this line appear to have been destroyed, yet the wood remained healthy, and the growth and foliage of this summer are beautifully luxuriant.

From the foregoing remarks, it will be truly inferred that our prospects of fruit this fall are very limited. As we have said, all fruit trees that have leaved out, came on slowly, and were late. So with the blossoms; they were shown in stinted quantities and of a sickly quality, much later than usual. Apple trees were not in bloom until June, and the quantity will be small and the quality bad.

THE FRUIT CROP.—The supply of peaches this season is remarkably small; nearly all we have come from Delaware. The price yesterday was about $1.12½ a basket, which is an indefinite measure, supposed to be barely five-eighths of a bushel, which would make the price $1.80 a bushel. This is less than half the price of last year, and shows that people are not disposed to indulge in luxuries so freely now as then. We are assured that the peach season will be a very short one. We talked with an old peach grower yesterday, from Monmouth county, N. J., and he assured us that county could do nothing this year to prolong the season, and we are sure that the North part of that State will not help the matter any. Last year we had a large quantity of peaches from Central New York. We shall have none from there this year, and in fact do not know of any place that will furnish any after the Delaware crop is exhausted.

Apples and pears in the drouth-afflicted region are shriveled, and falling from the trees in such numbers that the crop will be materially affected.

Blackberries have proved quite a failure. The New Rochelle variety are generally about equal in size to the old fashioned sort, to a good season, while the latter are not worth picking—in many places, vines and fruit have both dried up. Raspberries too have proved an equal failure, and a friend from the Whortleberry region told us yesterday that the fruit was drying upon the bushes before getting ripe.

If there is any fruit outside of the drouth-affected region around this city, we advise those who have it to send it hither.
—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CROPS IN HAMILTON CO., OHIO.—The wheat and barley crops very good; oats light; corn fine, but backward; hay crop very heavy, and sells at five dollars per ton; grass plenty, and stock in fine order. Peaches, plums, and apples, very few; pears plenty. Berries of all kinds in abundance. Blackberries can be bought at two and three cents per quart. Weather very hot; thermometer standing at ninety six degrees in the shade.—JAS. M. COCHRAN, *Glendale, Ohio, August 5.*

Inquiries and Answers.

WILD FLOWER—HEDGES, &c., IN CANADA.—I have a series of questions which I wish answered when you conveniently can. Inclosed is a flower. I don't know what it is, as it sprung up amongst some small pear trees, and none of the neighbors who have seen it know its name. There are two specimens—one is a green one, taken from the plant to-day, and one saturated with gum arabic. Please tell me the best method of preserving flowers as botanical specimens, as I see that gum arabic will not stick to some flowers. Please tell whether the flower requires to be protected from the frost; its best mode of propagation, &c. Is it worth raising? The time to trim grape vines, remove suckers, and lay cuttings, in Canada. The best, most easily obtained, the quickest raised shrubs, plants, or trees, for hedges in Central Canada. If you will please answer the above inquiries in the RURAL, you will much oblige—A BOY, *Vernonville*, 1861.

The flower is *Corydalis glauca.* It is hardy, and is found from Canada to North Carolina. Most flowers may be secured to paper by gum arabic, but the flowers should not be saturated so to the specimen not us. A little of the gum placed on the paper with a brush, and a good deal of patience, will generally accomplish the work. Specimens that will not adhere may be secured with a needle and thread. We hope some of our readers in Canada will give us their experience in hedging. How does the Osage Orange, the Hawthorn, and the Honey Locust succeed? We once saw the native thorns tried, but with poor success. Grape vines need a pruning in winter, or very early in the spring. In the summer, the laterals should be removed entirely, or pinched to one leaf, and the fruit-bearing branches cut off three or four leaves from the last bunch of fruit. Suckers should be removed as soon as they appear, and cuttings planted very early in the spring.

Domestic Economy.

CHEAP SUMMER BEVERAGES.

THE following are not only simple and cheap beverages, but are also pleasant and healthful. We clip them from an exchange:

WHITE SPRUCE BEER, TO MAKE.—Mix together three pounds of loaf sugar, five gallons of water, a cup of good yeast, adding a small piece of lemon-peel, and enough of the essence of spruce to give it flavor. When fermented, preserve in close bottles. Molasses or common brown sugar can be used if necessary instead of loaf, and the lemon-peel left out. Sometimes, when unable to obtain the essence of spruce, we have boiled down the twigs. This will be found a delightful home drink.

HARVEST DRINK.—Mingle together five gallons of pure water, one-half gallon molasses, one quart of vinegar, and two ounces of powdered ginger. This drink is very invigorating, and is the same thing as "Western cider," the recipe of which has been selling for a high price through the country.

CREAM SODA.—To one gallon of water, add five pounds of loaf sugar, one ounce Epsom salts, one ounce cream of tartar, and five ounces tartaric acid. Boil the preparation well, skimming off the refuse matter accumulating upon the surface. After cooling, set it away in bottles in a cool place. When desiring soda drinks, put two or three tablespoonfuls of this syrup into a tumbler two-thirds full of water; add one-fourth of a teaspoonful of super-carbonate of soda; stir briskly, and the effervescence will be equal to that from fountain soda. The Epsom salts, cream of tartar, tartaric acid, and super-carbonate of soda, can be purchased for a small sum at any drug store.

ROOT BEER.—Mix together a small amount of sweet fern, sarsaparilla, wintergreen, sassafras, Prince's pine, and spice wood. Boil them with two or three ounces of hops, and two or three raw potatoes pared and sliced in three or four gallons of water. After boiling five or six hours, strain off the liquor, and add to it common molasses in the proportion of one quart to three gallons of the beer. If it is too thick, dilute it with water. A half a pound of browned bread, added to the liquor, will increase its richness.

COMMON SMALL BEER.—Add to a pailful of water a handful of hops, a pint of bran, one-half pint of molasses, a cup of yeast, and one large spoonful of sugar.

GINGER BEER.—To a pail half-filled with boiling water add one pint of molasses and two spoonfuls of ginger; when well stirred, fill the pail with cold water, leaving room for one pint of yeast, which must not be put in until the preparation becomes lukewarm. Place it on a warm hearth for the night, and bottle in the morning.

MOLASSES BEER.—To six quarts of water, add two quarts of molasses, half a pint of yeast, two spoonfuls of cream of tartar. Having stirred thoroughly, add the grated peel of a lemon. Bottle after standing for twelve hours.

DYEING RECIPES, &c.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Seeing an inquiry in a late number of your paper, for a recipe to color blue, I send you mine, which I know to be good. Take 1½ ounces prussiate of potash, 2 ounces of copperas; each dissolved in 4 gallons of rain water as warm as you can hold your hand in. Put your goods into the copperas water, and let stand five or ten minutes; wring out. Then put 2 tablespoonfuls of the oil of vitriol into the prussiate of potash water, and let it stand a sufficient length of time to produce the desired color. Wring out without rinsing.

COLORING GREEN, EITHER COTTON OR WOOLEN.—Will some of the RURAL readers please send a recipe for coloring green, and oblige—P. F. MOSES, *Marathon, Lapeer Co., Mich.*, 1861.

COLORING GREEN.—Make a dye of 1 pound of fustic, and water sufficient to cover 2 pounds of cloth or yarn. Let your articles for coloring remain in this dye 2 hours. Wring out, and add to the dye a sufficient quantity of extract of indigo to make it the shade required. Let your cloth remain in 20 or 30 minutes.—MRS. I. T.

EDS. RURAL NEW-YORKER:—Seeing an inquiry in your valuable paper for a recipe for coloring blue, either cotton or woolen, I send you mine that I have tried and know to be good; also others for coloring green and yellow.

BLUE.—One oz. prussiate of potash; one tablespoon of copperas; one of the oil of vitriol. Bring to a boil, then put in the goods for twenty minutes, stirring them often. Rinse in clear warm water. This is sufficient for four pounds.

YELLOW.—One-half pound sugar of lead, dissolved in hot water; one-fourth pound bi-chromate of potash, dissolved in a vessel of wood, in cold water. Dip first in the lead water, then in the potash, until the color suits.

GRASS GREEN.—Dye it first blue, then yellow, after the above recipes.—MRS. A. J. ROOT, *West Bend, Wis.*, 1861.

TO REMOVE MILDEW FROM CLOTH.—In the RURAL, of Aug. 3d, H. M. W. is very anxious to know how to take mildew out of muslin. The following is very easy and effectual, having never failed in removing the worst mildew. Take your cloth when dry, and wet thoroughly with soft soap; then rub in plenty of fine salt, or the soap and salt may be mixed before applying to the cloth; let it lie a short time and boil in the suds after washing, or make a good suds for it; then lay in the sun to bleach. If the first application and boiling does not remove the mildew, repeat the operation and bleach again, and your muslin will be as beautiful as ever.—C. F., *So. Gilboa, N. Y.*, 1861.

CORN PUDDING.—One dozen ears of corn, cut or grated, half a dozen eggs, 1 pint of milk, quarter pound of butter, with pepper and salt to suit; bake half an hour.—*Field Notes.*

ELDERBERRY WINE.—Will some of the RURAL'S readers please give a recipe for making elderberry wine?—A. CHESTER, *Rome, Ashtabula Co., Ohio.*

SAUSAGES.—Will some of the many readers of the RURAL send through its columns a recipe for making good sausage, and oblige—MRS. I. T.

BLACKBERRY WINE.—Will some of the readers of the RURAL give us a recipe for making Blackberry Wine?—JESSE COOK.

TOMATO WINE.—A recipe for making tomato wine will be thankfully received by—PISCATAWAY, *N. J.*

Ladies' Department.

"MY BABY."

I have left my darling lying
Very still in that low bed;
Dimpled hands laid on his bosom,
Violets white around his head.

Just at sunset hour I left him,
Wondrous glow on earth and sky;
I would yield all light and beauty
For one look in baby's eye.

Silent house and empty cradle,
And a heart that's breaking now;—
Oh, to feel the baby's finger
Play once more on cheek and brow!

"You and baby;" O, my husband,
That last prayer for him and me,
"God, in mercy, grant this baby
Stand to her in place of me!"

Then your hand dropped from my clasping,
Nothing left but precious clay;
That sleeps in a foreign graveyard,
This dark heart I bore away.

But your child crept to my bosom,
And your look was in his face;
This dark heart grew somewhat brighter,
Through the child and God's great grace.

Now the child stands with the father,
Crowned of God and glorified;
Weeping wife and lonely mother
Gropes still on the earthward side.

Well, what matter? *Life is passing,*
I can wait a little while;
Thankful that I may remember
Baby hands and husband's smile.

Church Monthly.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LOOKING FOR A PROFESSION.

The hard battle was fought, the victory won, and Hester Gray received her diploma and the proud distinction of being first and best in scholarship of the large class of students that graduated at Union College in the year 1849. Five long years she had toiled and studied most zealously and earnestly to finish a collegiate course, and one great object of her life was accomplished. Unlike many, if not all, of her sister classmates, she had climbed the high and rugged hill of Science single handed and *alone.* No kind, thoughtful father, no generous, noble brother, had aided or assisted Hester to this great achievement. In early childhood, she had followed a dear and only brother, then a loved father and mother, to the village graveyard, and side by side, with hands folded meekly across the still breast, lay Hester Gray's household treasures. She planted the sweet rose, the lowly violet, and trailing myrtle, over the beloved forms of all that remained to her, of those who had cherished and cared for her as none others ever would, and went forth to battle with life alone, but with a heart made strong by sorrow and affliction.

Well and nobly had she acquitted herself, and a little proud she felt when asked by her teacher, near the close of her last term, if she would write the Valedictory. "Very willingly," she replied, "if I can have the privilege of reading it." The honorable Professor ahemmed! and was profuse with apologies—said it was not according to the Constitution of their distinguished College for a lady to read the closing address—that honor more *properly* belonged to the gentlemen. "Very well," answered Miss Gray, respectfully but firmly, "a gentleman must write it."

This instance, and others similar in character, had given Hester Gray the reputation of being a very independent, strong-minded young woman. "*Too* much given to 'Women's Rights,'" said many of her gentlemen acquaintances. "*I* never wish to be like Hester Gray, if she is talented, and a great genius," simpered many a young lady who had nothing but her pretty, doll face to recommend her, and about as much aim and character in life as the frail, fleeting butterfly. But no sarcastic remarks or hints ever for a moment troubled Hester. She believed, and was not afraid to say before the whole world, that the mind of woman was in no respect inferior to that of man. Give her the same advantages and opportunities, and she was to every respect his equal. She believed that woman could excel in any profession or calling equally well as man, and that she ought to have the same *rights.* She was not particular about their being called "*Woman's* Rights," although, if the gentlemen insisted upon calling them so, she should not quarrel with them about it. And Hester Gray always *persisted* in making the "school committee" pay her the same number of dollars and cents that they had to pay a gentleman teacher. Why not? If she was competent to teach the same studies, control and govern unruly, refractory scholars, make sensible rules and see they were duly obeyed, why should the "committee" be so very urgent that she should work and toil for half price? If she wished to buy herself a home, or a through ticket on any of the numerous railroads, or a warm dinner at the first or second class hotels, Hester Gray had never learned at such times or places that her being a woman was of any pecuniary advantage. Therefore, if the "committee" had the benefit of her labors, they must pay full figures as the equivalent.

But now she had finished her course of study, and was better prepared to grapple with the conflicts of life than ever before. There was her diploma! oh, how she had toiled and labored for it. She had looked upon it away in the distance, and at times the Hill she must climb, if she ever obtained the coveted prize, looked so steep and rugged, her feet were so tired and weary, that despair oftentimes almost gained the victory. But at last she had conquered, and stood before her classmates and teachers a noble, strong-minded, self-made woman, which is the proudest title that can be conferred upon our sex. Man boasts of being self-made, and considers it the greatest compliment that can be paid him; and yet, if woman can rise unaided and unassisted to as high and as honorable a position as man, which deserves the greater praise?

Hester Gray was a self-made woman, and she expected her diploma would be her "open sesame" to wealth, honor, and fame. She now was ready to choose her profession. What should it be? Teaching young ideas how to shoot? No, she was tired of that, although it had been a great help in gaining the position she now occupied. But she wished to try something different—not higher, because there is none—and what was that to be? She must decide upon it speedily, for time was precious. She had a desire to try her talent at the bar; she thought there would be a large field for usefulness as well as fame. She therefore made ready, and soon the distinguished letters, "Att'y," could Hester Gray boast beside her diploma. But I am sorry to say the world did not look with the approbation it ought upon the "female lawyer," and Hester soon found that lawyers could not digest *Blackstone* alone—they must have the necessaries of life at the least. Miss Gray, however, was not easily discouraged; if one profession failed, she tried another, and soon the degree "M. D." was attached to her name. But again and again she met with discouragements and disappointments; there were so many ignorant people that would deride and ridicule shamefully and unfeelingly the "woman doctor," that Miss Dr. Gray found her ride anything but profitable. A few hysteric old ladies that the most eminent physicians had pronounced their condition hopeless, were her principal patrons. She found her case growing desperate, and her pocket growing lighter every day—something else must be done—she could not live so. A new idea suggested itself to her mind—devote her time and talent to literature! Surely, Hester Gray, with "Attorney" and "M. D." attached to her name, can create a sensation in the literary world equal to the greatest genius, ancient or modern. And, better than all that, she would make it profitable, *pecuniarily,* too. *It* should, she promised herself, if she had to change her name to Hezekiah; no one then would know she was a *woman,* and she had learned by hard experience that dollars and cents were full as necessary to sustain life as honor and fame.

At last, I am happy to say, our strong-minded friend Hester Gray was successful. She had found an honorable profession, and is now winning golden dollars as well as opinions from all sorts of people.

Gainesville Seminary, 1861. Agnes Patterson.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

CARE OF INFANTS.

If we study the cultivation and growth of our trees and plants, why not give more thought and attention to the care of children? Is it not a wonder, when one sees so much rough, rude handling of young infants, that so many do at last survive and come to maturity? And is it any wonder there are so many cripples, and otherwise deficient organizations?

Many people, who seem intelligent in some respects, place their infants, even under two weeks old, in the hands of young girls five or six years old, or in the care of utterly inexperienced, careless nurses, and then marvel that they cry a good deal, and call them "cross babies." O, mother, what are you thinking of? What do you know of the wonderful and complicated machinery of that delicate little babe? Consider how tender are its tiny bones, its helpless, yielding flesh and limbs! How easily they can be displaced, or broken, or maimed for life! And are not you responsible?

How would that child ever have attained even the maturity of its birth, had its formation and development depended on your watchful, motherly care? While nature was its sole guide and mother, it became a perfect and lovely being; but the moment it is given to you, to be subject to your reason and discretion, you begin to handle it as though it had been constructed of India rubber and could not be injured!

Why do you not learn, by its very dependence and helplessness, that it cannot be shaken and banged about, and bandied, like a rag baby? A young infant should not be handled more than is necessary to attend to its wants. As it gains strength, and firmness of muscle, it will show it in various ways, but it should never be placed in inexperienced hands, under two months—nor, indeed, ever, if it can possibly be avoided. A baby needs quiet, care, attention, in the most tender, delicate manner. Avoid speaking to it in loud, harsh tones, and do not sing to a baby as you would to a congregation of people. Some mothers always raise their voices to a higher key than usual, in talking to an infant, though the child has no more sense of being addressed than it has of the size of the moon.

"What is the use" of so much loud, silly, baby gibberish, that no one, nor anything, can enjoy or understand? It is always ludicrous and disgusting to those who listen—a foolish, noisy prattle of nothing, and of no manner of use, besides injuring the child. Do you not observe its quick start at every sudden noise? How sensitive and delicate must be its sense of hearing, and yet you talk and sing to it as though speaking to a deaf person, or driving a yoke of oxen.

All such rude, rough, unnecessary usage and noise tends to blunt and deaden the nerves and perceptions of your children, and is extremely disagreeable to them, until they become sufficiently strong and developed to bear it. It is no proof because they live and are not devoid of their natural senses, that it does not hurt them. Some children live through a world of abuse and hard usage that would just as surely kill or injure thousands of others. Neither will it make them tough to abuse them, nor tender to use judgment and the common principles of humanity, in the reasonable care of them. They can be kept clean, and well fed, and dry, and warm, and have plenty of fresh air, without being jammed about, or yelled at every time you go near them. How much better it is to speak or sing to a baby, especially a very young infant, in a soft, low tone, and to see them carefully, quietly tended. You, who have infants, think, reflect, and you cannot but see the truth of this. Quercus.

THE SOCIAL HORROR.

An untidy woman! Little soap and much perfume. Plenty of jewelry and a lack of strings and buttons. Silks and laces, and tattered under-clothes. Diamond rings and soiled collar. Feathers and flowers, and battered cap frill. Silk stockings and shabby boots. Who has not seen her? If you are a person of courage, enter her dressing room. Make your way over the carpet through mismated slippers, tippets, belt ribbons, hair pins, pictorials, magazines, fashion prints, and unpaid bills, and look vainly round for a chair that is sufficiently free from dust to sit down upon. Look at the dingy muslin window curtains, the questionable bed quilt and pillow cases, the *unfreshness* of everything your eye falls upon. Open the closet door, and see the piles of dresses, all wanting "the stitch in time," heaped pellmell upon their pegs; see the bandboxes without covers, and all the horrible paraphernalia of a lazy, inefficient, vacant, idealess female monstrosity, who will, of course, be chosen out of a bevy of good, practical, common sense girls, by some man who prides himself on "his knowledge of women," as his 'help meet for life!' I use the word "monstrosity" advisedly; for even in the cell of a prison I have seen wretched females trying, and woman's beautiful instinct, to brighten and beautify the bare walls with some rude colored print. Thank Heaven, the untidy woman is the exception, not the rule. Would we could say the same of the untidy *man.—Ledger.*

He who wishes to comprehend the present and understand the future, must take his lesson from the past; for it is there that he finds the roots of the present and the germs of the future.

Choice Miscellany.

SOMETIME.

'Tis a wild, sweet song, a beautiful song,
With a low and rhythmical chime,
Rung out from the topmost boughs of a tree
The winds have christened "Sometime."

Its words are strung on a golden string,
In a long, melodious rhyme,
Telling of germs in each withered flower
The rain shall bring out sometime;

Telling of hopes that are buried low
'Neath the dust of deceit and crime,
That true repentance and true belief
May wake to life sometime—

Of folded hands o'er pulseless heart,
Under some fragrant lime,—
In the beautiful city, with pearly gates,
Shall I clasp them again sometime?—

Of tiny ringlets of golden hair,
And eyes, with a look sublime
In their shadowy depths, as we said "good by,"
Hoping to meet sometime.

Ah, yes; 'tis a beautiful song that I hear
Afar in this changing clime,
Rung out from the topmost boughs of a tree
The winds have christened "Sometime."

And it lessens my heart of its weary load,
Renews all its olden prime,
For it tells of a mansion beyond the skies,
Where I hope to be happy sometime.

N. Y. Independent.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

AIM HIGH.

Whether ambition be a virtue or a vice, depends in no small degree upon the object after which it aspires. Had Mohammed been animated by the same kind of ambition that urged Paul forward, it would have rendered him a blessing to the world. It is questionable whether Cæsar was more ambitious than Wesley; but the former thirsted for earthly renown, while the latter sought for a crown that fadeth not away. Both religion and reason teach us that we must place our hearts upon the accomplishment of great things, if we would fulfill the end of our existence. Who can for a moment believe that all its tremendous powers were conferred upon the soul, merely to fit it for the pursuits in which the majority of men are engaged. If you could instill into their bosoms noble aspirations, you would thereby raise them to a higher grade of life. Make them ambitious of a glorious immortality at God's right hand, and they will soon learn to place a proper value upon the things of this world.

The early martyrs would never have marched cheerfully to the stake, if they had not possessed nobility of aim. Had their ambition been of a groveling character, they could not but have felt that the prize for which they were striving was not worth the price they were required to pay for it. And has not a consciousness of the nobleness of their dreams had much to do with the firmness in the midst of opposition, that has belonged to almost all great reformers? The inducements that prevailed upon them to attack the views and prejudices of their times, must have been potent indeed; for, unless unacquainted with the teachings of history, they must have known that they would meet with fierce opposition at every step of their course. Men whose aims were low, could never have accomplished the work that was performed by Howard or Wilberforce; for ignobleness of aim could never have been united with the spirit of self-denial which was requisite to their success.

Nobility of aim is generally requisite to the accomplishment of great things in literature, arts or science. An indulgence in low pursuits tends to weaken the intellect. It is doubtful whether a drunkard, or a mere man of pleasure, ever could have written such a book as Butler's Analogy. Byron's later works are not equal, as literary productions, to his earlier compositions; but we will have no difficulty in accounting for this fact, when we remember that every year he became more and more debased in his character. His highest ambition, even in his best days, was to gratify his enormous egotism; and toward the close of his life this feeling seems to have banished every noble aspiration from his bosom. Such an object was not sufficient to call out all the powers of his mind. Had he but felt his high responsibility, and consecrated his powers of song to, the promotion of the glory of God, his genius would have achieved more even than it did. And is not this prostitution of his powers likely to cause posterity to

"bar
His name from out the temple where the dead
Are honored by the nations?"

How many are there around us who will never make any figure in the world of mind, only because they have failed to aim at any object noble enough to give full play to their powers of mind. True, there is such a thing as genius, and its possessor has advantages the want of which cannot be supplied by any training. A man has to be born a poet or an orator, or he never can be one, yet the greatest genius will fail to show its full strength, unless it is exercised upon objects of a proper character.

But nobility of aim is promotive of happiness. Fallen as man is, the soul still retains so much of its original grandeur that it cannot be satisfied while it expends its powers upon things of but little importance. And such are all objects that perish with the using. Earth's greatest favorites have found that the world cannot satisfy the mind. The warrior, at the head of his victorious legions,—the monarch, surrounded by all the pomp of royalty,—the rich man, as he counted over his heaps of gold,—the orator, while thousands listened entranced to his eloquence,—and the poet, while admiring thousands did homage to his genius, have joined in crying out "All is vanity and vexation of spirit." Why all this sighing over the vanity of earthly good, by those whose surroundings make them objects of envy to their fellow men? Is it not because the soul revolts from the thought of wasting its powers upon the trifles of time? Let them but bend all their energies to gain eternal life, and their repinings will soon cease. Then the soul will be happy, for it will have found the orbit in which it was intended to revolve.

Muckwanago, Wis., 1861. Omega.

The end of work is to enjoy leisure, but to enjoy leisure, you must have gone through work. Play-time must come after school-time, otherwise it loses its savor. Play, after all, is a relative thing; it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play, except to the worker. Put white upon white, and you can hardly see it; put white upon black, and how bright it is! Light your lamp in the sunshine, and it is nothing; you must have darkness around to make its presence felt.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

LABOR AND WAIT.

I suppose the above words are intended partly as a hint or admonition to those who, in practice, are apt to reverse them and wait long before working, as well as to strengthen the courage of such as are too unheroic to undertake what requires much patient waiting after the work is done. The great advantage of making labor precede rather than follow waiting—of acting in the spirit of the motto, "labor and wait," instead of wait and labor—is the immense economy of time the former practice insures. No one ever had occasion to reproach himself with wasting time by waiting after his work was finished, but how many of us remember with regret the days and years lost by putting off till to-morrow, or next week, or next year, what ought to have been done at once!

The difference between the least efficient of men and the greatest benefactors of the human race is the difference between those who can wait longest before beginning their work, and those who can wait longest for the results of what they have done. It is needless to say the former, and, in various degrees, the large intermediate class, labor for present and visible recompense; often the latter, unrecognized by the age in which they live, must look to the future to justify their labors; and the only reward they realize for their toil is a firm persuasion of the beneficence and ultimate triumph of their work. Speaking after the manner of the world, I said the *only* reward, as if there were any other to be chosen before that; for, however sweet human appreciation may be, we cannot doubt the largest, fullest lives are led by them whose souls are possessed by an idea which they cherish all the more dearly because it is scorned and rejected by the world, and the grandeur of whose final results themselves scarcely venture to estimate.

Surely there is a blessing for them that labor for present good; but, waiting for recognition, they still are richest to whom it has been given to penetrate and unfold the secrets of the natural or spiritual world too much in advance of received ideas to be immediately accepted, and whose effects in the progress and improvement of mankind the discoverers themselves are permitted to witness only with the eye of faith. A.

South Livonia, N. Y., 1861.

QUIET PEOPLE.

Did you ever think, ambitious, energetic, bustling reader, man or woman, what a blessing it is that the great majority of the people of the world are not like you? If you have not, stop a moment and consider, and you will thank fortune that it is so. Men that never talk at town meetings, that don't try to become postmasters at every change in the administration, and don't stick their elbows into you in a crowd, are very likely to pass unnoticed through the world, and you have the mistaken notion that they never did you any good. Women who attend to their baking and babies, who never talk scandal at sewing societies, and don't insist on making the tour of the fashionable watering-places every summer, live and die nobodies in the estimation of all but their immediate household circle. Thank God for just such nobodies. What a hubbub we should live in else! The very thought of it is painful; how much worse would be the fact.

Quiet people must be those angels in disguise that imaginative persons talk so much about. Very likely they will never do us any positive good; the blessings we receive from them are negative, and we pass them by unnoticed. They let us alone, and the inhabitants of Secessia are not the only persons who wish to be let alone; we all of us have had that feeling more times than we can tell. We get tired of the incessant rattle of the machinery of society, and long to shut down the gate. Then we appreciate the unobtrusive attention of our quiet friends; they don't talk to us when they wish to be silent, or at least they only address us with that silent language of the eye, which expresses so much, but never wearies us. They never bore us by making us listen to their ambitious plans; and more, they never anger us by telling us of our faults. They don't flatter us when present, and don't slander us when away. Indeed, they pass through the world silently and unnoticed, like the feather that falls from the wing of the soaring bird.

It is doubtless wisely ordered that some men should be willing to be the leaders of society, and should enter the lists as candidates for the honors of the world. There are men who can no more restrain their ambition than they can dam up the ocean. Their blood grows stagnant in the country, and they rush to the city to engage in its more active and more exciting pursuits. Their goal is ever before them, never reached, and they are happy only from incessant toil. But the mass of mankind always come in and go out at the back entry of life, and are never seen in the parlor or on the great thoroughfares. They are substrata of mankind, rarely seen, but supporting the rest. The minister furnishes them with their theological opinions, the newspaper gives them their views of other things. They do their own work in their own way, and live and die, peaceful, contented, and happy. Let us never sneer at quiet people, then. They fill their appropriate places exactly, and perform their duties faithfully. Can as much be said of all of us?—*Springfield Republican.*

DISPUTING ABOUT WORDS.

A physician tells me that "the way, the *only way* or *method* in which we live, is by abstaining from poison and taking proper food." "No," says another, "you should say, that *abstaining from poison* and *taking proper food* are the means by which our life is preserved." "You are quite mistaken," says a third, "*rejecting poison* and *eating* are the terms God hath fixed upon for our preservation." "No," says a fourth, "they are *duties* without the performance, or *blessings,* without *the receiving* of which we most absolutely die." "I believe, for my part," says another, "that Providence hath engaged to preserve our life, *on condition* that we should forbear taking poison and eat proper food." "You are all in the wrong, you know nothing at all of the matter," says another, who applauds himself much for his wonderful discovery; "turning from poison and receiving nourishment are the *exercises* of a living man; therefore they must absolutely be called *parts* of his life, or *privileges* annexed to it. You quite take away people's appetite, and clog their stomach, by calling them *duties, terms, conditions.* Only call them privileges, and you will see nobody will touch poison, and all will eat most heartily." While they are all neglecting their food, and taking the poison of this contention, he that hath mentioned the word *condition,* starts up and says:—"Review the whole affair; take heed of your assertions; I am afraid we dispute about words."—*Christian Advocate.*

Sabbath Musings.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

WHEN IS THE HAPPIEST TIME?

BY ANNIE M. BEACH.

O, say not that the happiest time
Was in the early hours,
Before we knew how many thorns
Were hidden 'neath the flowers;

Before we knew how wide, and strange,
And long the life path lay,
Which led us from the rosy bowers
Of childhood, far away.

For had we not our griefs and fears
E'en then the same as now?
Did not each day, departing, leave
Its shadow on the brow?

Not shadows such as now they leave,
Since we have older grown,
And more of evil than of good
Around our way is thrown.

Yet to our judgment small those griefs
Were great, as these which now,
From greater causes, day by day,
Cast shadows on the brow.

Then, when the tempest o'er us broke,
We could not trace the cause,
As now our stronger judgment can
By reason's higher laws.

How blest it were, if, as the years
Furrow the cheek and brow,
The language of the heart could be,
"The happiest time is now."

And should it not?—should not each day
Unto our keeping given
Be taken as a glorious gift
Sent down to us from Heaven?

There must be sunshine somewhere, friends,
E'en in the darkest hour;
Should we not wait with patience, then,
The passing of the shower?

And say "The flowers will fresher grow
After the shadows part;
God knows when most we need the storm
To purify the heart."

Cambria, N. Y., 1861.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

REST.

"Rest—rest—four little letters, one short word,
Enfolding an infinitude of bliss."

Rest!—the absence of care, of pain, of regret; the presence of resignation, of trust and peace. Even here, in this world, it is "only the people of God who rest."

Fame may wreath the brows of her votaries with the laurel; she may wave before them the palm; she may place them upon the loftiest of her pinnacles of glory, but she cannot answer those vague restless longings which are native to every human heart, nor satisfy that constant out-reaching of the soul for something better than it has known. Wealth may lavish upon her devotees every luxury of life; she may give to them all that burning genius has ever given the world of poetry and prose; she may beautify their homes with much that is exquisite in painting and sculpture; she may burden the very air they breathe with the richest and rarest exotics, but she cannot soothe the weary aching heart, nor re-assure the tired, drooping spirit. Nor can we rest in an earthly love, for howsoever true and devoted, it can not always shield the beloved; and then comes a time when its very joy becomes our grief, when its very strength brings us anguish, when all that is left upon which to spend that love,—which, itself, is deathless,—is the "winters grave God's angels watch over."

But for the people of God there is (in this world,) rest, though it be but a foreshadowing, the faint glimmerings of a dawn which ushers in the full unbroken light of an eternal day of perfect rest. They have learned that the Infinite can fill that fathomless void in the finite soul; that He can satisfy that longing restlessness and soothe that orphan loneliness of the human heart. In Him they have peace and "do enter into rest." Calmly and hopefully they can pour into the bosom of the Father all their care, all the darkness and perplexity of the future; feeling assured that His loving, allwise hand will shape every circumstance, mold every event, and that when this perplexing, darkening future shall have glided into a present, they shall see that having "acknowledged Him in their ways, He has directed their paths." When Sorrow falls heavily and crushingly upon them, they may breathe into the ear of the Ascended all their grief; knowing that as He winged his way from Olivet He bore with Him a humanity that could sympathize with, and a divinity that could heal the bruised and bleeding heart; and so can trustingly say, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul."

Yet the rest the Christian enjoys while in this world is imperfect, interrupted, and but the semblance of the rest hereafter. There may be, and will be, "temporary tossings, fears and misgivings." There is a yoke to be worn, howsoever easy—a burden to be borne, howsoever light. And so it is he sighs for the "Home of the weary" and longs for that rest—perfect, uninterrupted, everlasting, "which remaineth for the people of God.

O most glorious of promises that gladden the sky of the Christian—"There remaineth a rest for the people of God." Bright rift of light which cleaves the black darkness that at times overshadows him. Truly "if the foretaste be so precious what must be the consummation." "Nothing to disturb the spirits deep tranquility." "Sorrow shall come again no more, and so no sickening dread." Every longing aspiration of the soul realized. "The trembling magnet of the heart reposing where alone it can confidingly and permanently rest in the enjoyment of the infinite God." M. A. D.

Rochester, N. Y., 1861.

By the Grace of God I am what I am.—I am not what I ought to be! Ah! how imperfect and deficient! I am not what I wish to be! I abhor what is evil, and I would cleave to what is good. I am not what I hope to be! Soon, soon I shall put off mortality, and with mortality all sin and imperfection. Yet, though I am not what I ought to be, nor what I wish to be, nor what I hope to be, I can truly say I am not what I once was—a slave to sin and Satan; and I can heartily join with the apostle, and acknowledge, "By the grace of God I am what I am."—*John Newton.*

"I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." Intimacy with the Savior is happiness, and from that adoring and affectionate communion there should be seen to arise a decisive effect on the temper and conduct.

Useful, Scientific, &c.

PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY.

The *Christian Advocate and Journal*, while holding that "nothing is more clearly predicted in the oracles of God than the final subjugation of all nations to the kingdom of Christ," yet deems the present prospects rather unfavorable, and gives the following statistics:

Christians	335,000,000, or	25 77 per cent.
Jews	5,000,000, "	0 38 "
Asiatic religions	600,000,000, "	46 15 "
Mohammedan	160,000,000, "	12 31 "
Pagans	200,000,000, "	15 37 "
Total	1,300,000,000, or	100 00 per cent.

Thus, for one nominal Christian we have three who are not so, while of this small proportion of Christians the following statistics show that the case is scarcely better with them than the rest of mankind:

Roman Catholics	(53 7 per cent.)	170,000,000
Protestants	(26 6 per cent.)	89,000,000
Greek Catholics	(22 7 per cent.)	70,000,000
Total	(100 0 per cent.)	335,000,000

* * * To encourage ourselves, let us now turn to inquire what progress the Church has already made? It was promised by the Savior that his Gospel should fill the earth; not, however, by fire and sword, nor suddenly, but like the great forces of nature—gradually, invisibly, steadily, surely. Since that time it has made a popular progress, which according to Sharon Turner, may be stated thus:

First century	500,000
Second century	2,000,000
Third century	5,000,000
Fourth century	10,000,000
Fifth century	15,000,000
Sixth century	20,000,000
Seventh century	25,000,000
Eighth century	30,000,000
Ninth century	40,000,000
Tenth century	50,000,000
Eleventh century	70,000,000
Twelfth century	80,000,000
Thirteenth century	75,000,000
Fourteenth century	80,000,000
Fifteenth century	100,000,000
Sixteenth century	125,000,000
Seventeenth century	155,000,000
Eighteenth century	200,000,000
We add, nineteenth century	400,000,000

With the exception of a small loss in the thirteenth century, the progress has been uninterrupted, and latterly in an increasing ratio. According to the rate of increase of the last fifty years, Christianity may overspread the world in less than a century more.

But mark next *political* progress. At the time of our Savior it had not a square inch over which it influenced political authority. For three centuries after, there was not an island or province on the map of the world that it could call its own. Now it controls three continents—America, Europe, and Australia, with Asiatic Russia, Hindoostan, and Ceylon, Mayloysia, and many isles of the sea, embracing, with Turkey, three-fifths of the land surface of the earth, containing about forty-six sixtieths of the population of the world—more than two-thirds of mankind controlled by Christian sceptres.

Mark the material advance of Christianity. The Christian nations are the nations of wealth. In the commencement of our era the wealth of the world was in the East; Europe and the Isles of the Gentiles were inhabited by scattered and wandering tribes of rude and poor barbarians—Scythians, Gauls, and painted Britons; Australasia, and America were unknown, and probably unoccupied, save by the beasts of the forest. Since the spread of Christianity westward, Europe has been steadily advancing in property, and since the introduction of the true faith into America and Australia, their accumulations have been almost incredibly rapid, so that the sum of property now possessed by Christian nations is well-nigh incalculable.

KEEP THE MOUTH CLOSED.

The author sincerely believes that by keeping the teeth and mouth shut, a person can sleep in any malarious region, and mingle in any out-door infection almost with impunity. This is a discovery of such importance that its magnitude can at present scarcely be apprehended. Had it been practiced earlier, it would probably have saved innumerable lives. The writer of this, although of a weak and delicate constitution, some years since went from the North to some of the most sickly portions of the South and West. He slept on the banks of rivers and on the borders of swamps by the sea and among the mountains—and while many of the old acclimated settlers were dying around him (especially in Norfolk, during the yellow fever,) he enjoyed his usual health; a fact which he attributes to temperance, and keeping the mouth closed.

This is the experience of several noted travelers, Catlin, Lewis, and Livingstone. The Indians also understood this well. Taught by their mothers in infancy, no one has ever yet beheld an Indian sleeping with his mouth open, as is common in civilized life.

Even the animals—Nature's own followers—al[illegible]

[illegible]

[From Mason's Normal Singer, by permission.]

THE MEADOW-SPRING.

B. G. NAGELI.



2. Oft we wander to thy brink,
Faint and thirsty, from our play;
And we gather, as we drink,
Strength and vigor for the day.

3. Often on thy border green,
Plucking flowers, we sit and rest;
When we rise, ourselves are seen
Pictured on thy glassy breast.

4. Many joys to thee we owe,
Silver fountain, cool and clear,
In thy cheerful stream we throw
Every care and every fear.

5. Haste thee on, and never stay,
Bright and sparkling, full and free,
We will follow in thy way,
Singing still our song to thee.

THE STREAMLET.

1.

Streamlet, gently flowing near,
By the lofty mountain side,
Ever may thy music cheer,
Ever may thy wavelets glide.

2.

Fresh and fair the flowers spring,
Where thou windest through the glade,
Cheerful birds as gayly sing,
Where thou flowest through the shade.

3.

Not the rushing, angry foam,
Playing loud with noise and strife,
But thy smooth and gentle stream
Be the emblem of my life.

Rural New-Yorker.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.



"A stain on our banner? Oh, shame to the heart
Or the lip that could breathe such a thought!
Every hue is as clear, every fold is as dear,
As when first the bright symbol was bought.
With the blood of brave men it was purchased, and we
Pledge our own lives to keep it unstained,
On the land or the sea, where'er it may be,
Its honor shall still be maintained."

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 24, 1861.

THE WAR'S PROGRESS.

FACTS, SCENES, INCIDENTS, ETC.

Battle of Bull Run—Official Report.

After what has been given in our columns with reference to the recent disaster to our troops in their advance toward Manassas, the following report from Gen. McDowell, because it does not present new features, may be deemed superfluous. But it is an important portion of the history of the present difficulties, hence we publish, omitting only such portions as do not possess a general interest:

Headquarters Department Northeastern Va., Arlington, Virginia, Aug 4, 1861.

Lieut.-Colonel E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant-General, Headquarters of the Army, Washington, D. C.

Colonel:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the battle of the 21st of July, near Manassas, Virginia. It has been delayed until this time from the inability of the subordinate commanders to get earlier a true account of the state of their commands.

In my communication to you of the 20th ult., I stated it as my intention to move that afternoon and drive the enemy from the east side of Bull Run, so as to enable the engineers to make a sufficiently accurate reconnoissance to justify our future movements. Later in the day they had obtained enough information of the passage across the stream to dispense with the reconnoissance, and it was decided to move without delay. It had been my intention to move the several columns out on the road a few miles on the evening of the 20th, so that they would have a shorter march in the morning; but I deferred to those who had the greatest distance to go, and who preferred to start early in the morning, and making but one move.

On the evening of the 20th ult. my command was mostly at or near Centerville. The enemy was at or near Manassas, distant from Centreville about seven miles to the southwest. Centreville is a village of a few houses, mostly on the west side of a ridge running nearly north and south. The road from Centreville to Manassas Junction was along this ridge, and crosses Bull Run about three miles from the former place. The Warrenton turnpike, which [illegible] nearly east and west, goes over the ridge, through this village, and crosses Bull Run about four miles from it, Bull Run having a course between the crossing from northwest to southeast.

On Friday night a train of subsistence arrived, and [illegible]

If he should once obtain possession of this ridge, which overlooks all the country to the west to the foot of the spurs of the Blue Ridge, we should have been irretrievably cut off and destroyed. I had, therefore, directed this point to be held in force, and sent an engineer to extemporize some field works to strengthen the position.

The Fourth division (Runyon's) had not been brought to the front further than to guard our communications by way of Vienna and the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. His advanced regiment was about seven miles in the rear of Centreville.

The divisions were ordered to march at half-past two o'clock, A. M., so as to arrive on the ground early in the day, and thus avoid the heat which is to be expected at this season. There was delay in the first division getting out of its camp on the road, and the other divisions were in consequence between two and three hours behind the time appointed—a great misfortune, as events turned out. The wood road leading from the Warrenton turnpike to the upper ford was much longer than we counted upon, the general direction of the stream being oblique to the road, and we having the obtuse angle on our side.

Gen. Tyler commenced with his artillery at half-past six A. M., but the enemy did not reply, and after some time it became a question whether he was in any force in our front, and if he did not intend himself to make an attack, and make it by Blackburn's Ford. After firing several times, and obtaining no response, I held one of Heintzelman's brigades in reserve, in case we should have to send any troops back to reinforce Miles' division. The other brigades moved forward as directed in the general orders. On reaching the ford, at Sudley's Spring, I found part of the leading brigade of Hunter's division (Burnside's) had crossed, but the men were slow in getting over, stopping to drink.

As at this time the clouds of dust from the direction of Manassas indicated the immediate approach of a large force, and fearing it might come down on the head of the column before the division could get all over and sustain it, orders were sent back to the heads of regiments to break from the column and come forward separately as fast as possible. Orders were sent by an officer to the reserve brigade of Heintzelman's division to come by a nearer road across the fields, and an aid-de-camp was sent to Brigadier-General Tyler to direct him to press forward his attack, as large bodies of the enemy were passing in front of him to attack the division which had crossed over. The ground between the stream and the road leading from Sudley's Spring south, and over which Burnside's brigade marched, was for about a mile from the ford thickly wooded, whilst on the right of the road, for about the same distance, the country was divided between fields and woods. About a mile from the road, the country on both sides of the road is open, and for nearly a mile further, large rolling fields extend down to the Warrenton turnpike, which crosses what became the field of battle through the valley of a small water course, a tributary of Bull Run.

Shortly after the leading regiment of the first brigade reached the open space, and whilst others and the second brigade were crossing to the front and right, the enemy opened his fire, beginning with artillery and following up with infantry. The leading brigade (Burnside's) had to sustain this shock for a short time without support, and did it well. The battalion of regular infantry was sent to sustain it, and shortly afterwards the other corps of Porter's brigade, and a regiment detached from Heintzelman's division to the left, forced the enemy back far enough to allow Sherman's and Keyes' brigades of Tyler's division to cross from their position on the Warrenton road. These drove the right of the enemy, understood to have been commanded by Beauregard, from the front of the field, and out of the detached woods, and down to the road, and across it up the slopes on the other side. Whilst this was going on Heintzelman's division was moving down the field to the stream, and up the road beyond. Beyond the Warrenton road, and to the left of the road down which our troops had marched from Sudley's Spring, is a hill with a farm house on it. Behind this hill the enemy had, early in the day, some of his most annoying batteries planted. Across the road from this hill was another hill, or rather elevated ridge, or table of land. The hottest part of the contest was for the possession of this hill with a [illegible]

[illegible]

first two attempts of the enemy to keep possession of it had become shaken, were unsteady, and had many men out of the ranks.

It was at this time that the enemy's reinforcements came to his aid from the railroad train, understood to have just arrived from the valley with the residue of Johnston's army. They threw themselves into the woods on our right and towards the rear of our right, and opened a fire of musketry on our men, which caused them to break and retire down the hillside. This soon degenerated into disorder, for which there was no remedy. Every effort was made to rally them, even beyond the reach of the enemy's fire, but in vain. The battalion of regular infantry alone moved up the hill opposite to the one with the house on it, and there maintained itself until our men could get down to and across the Warrenton turnpike, on the way back to the position we occupied in the morning. The plain was covered with the retreating troops, and they seemed to infect those with whom they came in contact. The retreat soon became a rout, and this soon degenerated still further into a panic.

Finding this state of affairs was beyond the efforts of all those who had assisted so faithfully during the long and hard day's work in gaining almost the object of our wishes, and that nothing remained on the field but to recognize what we could no longer prevent, I gave the necessary orders to protect their withdrawal, begging the men to form in line, and offer the appearance, at least, of organization. They returned by the fords to the Warrenton road, protected, by my order, by Col. Porter's force of regulars. Once on the road, and the different corps coming together in small parties, many without officers, they became intermingled, and all organization was lost.

Orders had been sent back to Miles' division for a brigade to move forward and protect this retreat, and Col. Blenker's brigade was detached for this purpose, and was ordered to go as far forward as the point where the road to the right left the main road.

By referring to the general order it will be seen that, while the operations were to go on in front, an attack was to be made at Blackburn's Ford by the brigade (Richardson's) stationed there. A reference to his report, and to that of Major Hunt, commanding the artillery, will show that this part of the plan was well and effectively carried out. It succeeded in deceiving the enemy for a considerable time, and in keeping in check a part of his force. The fire of the artillery at this point is represented as particularly destructive.

At the time of our retreat, seeing great activity in this direction, much firing, and columns of dust, I became anxious for this place, fearing if it were turned or forced the whole stream of our retreating mass would be captured or destroyed. After providing for the protection of the retreat by Porter's and Blenker's brigades, I repaired to Richardson's, and found the whole force ordered to be stationed for the holding of the road from Manassas by Blackburn's Ford to Centreville, on the march, under the orders from the Division Commander for Centreville.

I immediately halted it, and ordered it to take up the best line of defence across the ridge that their position admitted of, and subsequently taking in person the command of this part of the army, I caused such disposition of the forces, which had been added to by the First and Second New Jersey and the De Kalb regiments, ordered up from Runyon's reserve, before going forward, as would best serve to check the enemy. The ridge being held in this way, the retreating current passed slowly through Centreville to the rear. The enemy followed us from the ford as far as Cub Run, and owing to the road becoming blocked at that crossing, caused us much damage there, for the artillery could not pass, and several pieces and caissons had to be abandoned. In the panic the horses hauling the caissons and ammunition were cut from their places by persons to escape with, and in this way much confusion was caused, the panic aggravated and the road encumbered. Not only were pieces of artillery lost, but also many of the ambulances carrying the wounded.

By sundown most of our men had got behind Centreville ridge, and it became a question whether we should or not endeavor to make a stand there. The condition of our artillery and its ammunition and the want of food for the men, who had generally abandoned or thrown away all that had been issued the day before, and the utter disorganization and [illegible]

corps whose services merited success if they did not attain it.

As my position may warrant, if it does not call for some explanation of the causes, as far as they can be seen, which led to the results herein stated, I trust it may not be out of place if I refer in a few words to the immediate antecedents of the battle. When I submitted to the General-in-Chief, in compliance with his verbal instructions, the plan of operations and estimate of force required, the time I was to proceed to carry it into effect was fixed for the 8th of July, Monday. Every facility possible was given me by the General-in-Chief and heads of the administrative departments in making the necessary preparations. But the regiments, owing, I was told, to a want of transportation, came over slowly. Many of them did not come across till eight or nine days after the time fixed upon, and went forward without my even seeing them, and without having been together before in a brigade. The sending reinforcements to General Patterson, by drawing off the wagons, was a further and unavoidable cause of delay.

Notwithstanding the herculean efforts of the Quartermaster-General, and his favoring me in every way, the wagons for ammunition, subsistence, &c., and the horses for the trains and the artillery did not arrive for more than a week after the time appointed to move. I was not even prepared as late as the 15th ultimo, and the desire I should move became great, and it was wished I should not, if possible, delay longer than Tuesday, the 16th ultimo. When I did set out, on the 16th, I was still deficient in wagons for subsistence. But I went forward trusting to their being procured in time to follow me. The trains thus hurriedly gathered together, with horses, wagons, drivers and wagon managers, all new and unused to each other, moved with difficulty and disorder, and was the cause of a day's delay in getting the provisions forward, making it necessary to make on Sunday the attack we should have made on Saturday.

I could not, with every exertion, get forward with the troops earlier than we did. I wished to go to Centreville the second day, which would have taken us there on the 17th, and enabled us, so far as they were concerned, to go into action on the 19th, instead of the 21st; but when I went forward from Fairfax Court House, beyond Germantown, to urge them forward, I was told it was impossible for the men to march further. They had only come from Vienna, about six miles, and it was not more than six and a half miles further to Centreville—in all a march of twelve and a half miles; but the men were foot-weary, not so much, I was told, by the distance marched, as the time they had been on foot, caused by the obstructions in the road and the slow pace we had to move to avoid ambuscades. The men were, moreover, unaccustomed to marching, their bodies not in condition for that kind of work, and unused to carrying even the load of light marching order.

We crossed the Bull Run with about 18,000 men of all arms, the fifth division (Miles' and Richardson's brigade) on the left, at Blackburn's ford to Centreville, and Schenck's brigade, of Tyler's division, on the left of the road, near the stone bridge, not participating in the main action. The numbers opposed to us have been variously estimated. I may safely say, and avoid even the appearance of exaggeration, that the enemy brought up all he could which were not kept engaged elsewhere. He had notice of our coming on the 17th, and had from that time to the 21st to bring up whatever he had. It is known that in estimating the force to go against Manassas, I engaged not to have to do with the enemy's forces under Johnston, then kept in check in the valley by Major-General Patterson, or those kept engaged by Major-General Butler, and I know every effort was made by the General-in-Chief that this should be done, and that if even Johnston joined Beauregard, it would not be because he could not be followed by Gen. Patterson, but from causes not necessary for me to refer to, you know them all. This was not done, and the enemy was free to assemble from every direction in numbers only limited by the amount of his railroad rolling stock and his [illegible]

[illegible]

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your most obedient servant, Irwin McDowell, Brigadier-General Commanding.

Bulletin of Johnston and Beauregard.

[illegible]

Soldiers! we congratulate you on an event which insures the liberty of our country. We congratulate every man of you whose glorious privilege it was to participate in this triumph of courage and truth, to fight in the battle of Manassas. You have created an epoch in the history of liberty, and unborn nations will rise up and call you blessed. Continue this noble devotion, looking always to the protection of the just God, and, before time grows much older, we will be hailed as the deliverers of a nation of ten millions of people!

Comrades! our brothers who have fallen have earned undying renown, and their blood, shed in our holy cause, is a precious and acceptable sacrifice to the Father of Truth and Right; their graves are beside the tomb of Washington, their spirits have joined his in eternal communion. We will hold the soil in which the dust of Washington is mingled with our brothers. We drop one tear on their laurels, and move forward to avenge them.

Soldiers! we congratulate you on a glorious triumph and complete victory. We thank you for doing your whole duty in the service of your country.

JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON,
G. P. T. BEAUREGARD.

Movements in the West.

THE Missouri *Democrat* gives the following interesting account of the great battle at Springfield, Mo., in which we sustained an almost irreparable loss by the death of Gen. Lyon:

Night before last (Aug. 9th,) a little army of fifty-two hundred men moved in two columns, on a march of twelve or fifteen miles, to attack a body of rebels twenty-two thousand strong. In a military point of view, the move was one of doubtful propriety, not to say absolute rashness. The larger force were, with the exception of three thousand men, well armed and equipped, and they had a very large body of cavalry. But the question of evacuating Springfield, the key of the entire Southwest, had already been discussed and settled in the negative. It was decided that the loyal citizens of Green and the surrounding counties should not have cause to say we had left them without a struggle, abandoned themselves, their families, their all, to a heartless and desperate foe, until the enemy had felt our steel, and tried the mettle of our troops. That mettle proved itself worthy of the great cause in which it was engaged. The Union troops who fought and won the battle yesterday need no higher mark, no brighter name than the laurels earned justly entitle them to. They fought like brave men, long and well.

Gen. Seigel, with six pieces of cannon, his own regiment and that of Col. Solomon's, moved in a southerly direction, marching about fifteen miles, passing around the extreme southeastern camp of the enemy and halted until daylight, or for the sound of artillery from the northwest to announce the opening of the battle.

Gen. Lyon, with the volunteers composing the Missouri First, Lieut.-Col. Andrews; Iowa First, Lieut.-Col. Merritt; Kansas First, Col. Deitzler; and Second, Col. Mitchell; part of the Missouri Second, under Major Osterhaus; and a detachment of twenty men from Col. Wyman's Illinois Regiment; three or four companies of mounted Home guards; a force of regulars about eight hundred strong, and two batteries of four and six pieces respectively, left Springfield about 8 o'clock P. M., marching slowly along until 2 A. M., when we halted for two hours, at which time Capt. Gilbert's Company of regulars, and Major Osterhaus's battalion were thrown out as skirmishers on either side of the column, and we moved forward.

Shortly after 5 o'clock, a party of rebels, acting as a picket, was seen scattering over the hills to give the alarm, but a portion of our column had already penetrated far enough to cut off their route, unless they took a circuitous one, in which case we should reach camp ahead of them. We soon came in sight of the valley in which they were encamped. A thousand tents stretching off into the distance and partially screened from view by a hill jutting into an angle of Wilson creek were before us, presenting as animated an appearance as a young city. The enemy's camp extended from the head of the valley, overlooked on the north, east and west sides by hills and ridges two or three hundred feet in height, southward about a mile, thence eastward a mile and a half, and then southward half a mile, following the windings of the creek, along whose banks the gently sloping hills on either side afforded the most excellent camping ground.

The battle field, where the most severe fighting was done, was along the ridges and hills on either side (mostly on the west) of the stream for the first mile mentioned above, where the creek runs in a southerly direction. As we crossed the hill on the north, moving in a southwesterly direction, Capt. Wright, with the mounted Home Guards, was sent to the east side, so as to cut off a party of rebels seen in that direction. We had completely surprised them. The evidence of that fact was everywhere visible, but they had got quickly into line of battle—their clouds of cavalry were visible, and their twenty-one pieces of cannon were not long silent after ours had opened the engagement.

On the sides of the first ridge on the western side of the valley, Col. Blair's regiment, at ten minutes after six o'clock, announced a heavy force of infantry, not less than a full regiment, and after a severe contest they gained the summit, and the defeated rebels dispersed rapidly, going in a direction which rendered it impossible for any considerable number of them to again participate in the battle. Totten's battery then threw a few balls as feelers, to draw out the enemy's cannon. Col. Blair's regiment moved forward and were soon met by a well equipped regiment of Louisiana troops, whom, after a bitter contest of forty-five minutes, they succeeded in routing, though suffering severely themselves. Capt. Lathrop's company of rifle recruits now assisted them, and they, together with Major Osterhaus's men, moved up the second hill, which was considerably larger than the first, and meeting a third regiment, finally succeeded in driving them back with the assistance of Totten's battery, and gaining the summit.

During the engagement two companies of regulars were sent to the east side of the creek to engage a force which was now operating against Capt. Wright's cavalry, sheltering themselves behind a fence. Capt. Plummer and Capt. Gilbert with their companies marched close up to the fence and delivered an effective fire, but were compelled by great odds to retire, which they did, but again renewed the attack. The enemy being largely reinforced, and having now at least three thousand men, jumped over into the corn field, and Capt. Plummer's gallant band was immediately threatened with annihilation. They retreated rapidly, firing as they did so, when Lieut. Dubois, having got his battery under headway on the hill near the Missouri volunteers, seeing the condition of affairs on the opposite side of the valley, threw, in the most precise manner, several shells, which exploded just as they reached the dense mass of secessionists, scattering them lifeless on the ground in scores, while all who could were glad to run for dear life.

The gallant men in Col. Blair's regiment were now ordered back and their position taken by the Iowa First. They fought like tigers, drove the enemy back, and followed up the advantage gained for a considerable distance. The Kansas 1st and 2d regiments were now ordered forward to support the right flank of the Iowas.

Col. Green's regiment, of Tennessee cavalry, bearing a secession flag, now charged upon our wounded, who were partially guarded by one or two companies of infantry. Seeing the movement, Captain Totten poured a few rounds of canister into their ranks just in time to save our sick men from being trampled to death, dispersing the rebels so completely that nothing more was seen of them during the day.

Gen. Lyon now desired the Iowa boys, whom he had found so brave, to prepare to meet the next onset of the enemy with the bayonet immediately after firing. They said, "Give us a leader, and we will follow to death." On came the enemy in overwhelming numbers, confident of victory over such a meager force. No time could be lost to select a leader. "I will lead you!" exclaimed Lyon. "Come on, brave men;" and placing himself in the van, he received a fatal bullet just at the pit of the stomach, which killed him instantly. The Iowas delivered their fire and the enemy retired. Gen. Lyon's body was carefully picked up and conveyed lifeless toward the ambulances by two of his body guard. In his death as in his life, he was the same devoted, patriotic soldier, regarding his own life of no value if he could but rescue his country.

The battle raged for two hours more, the command devolving upon Major Sturgis. The enemy made repeated attempts to retake the heights from which they had been driven, but were gallantly repulsed each time. The last repulse of the enemy was the most glorious of all, and was participated in by members of every regiment on the field. The enemy came fresh and deceived our men by bearing a Union flag, causing them to believe Seigel was about making a junction with our forces. Discovering the ruse just in time, our gallant boys rushed upon the enemy, who, with four cannon belching forth loud mouthed thunder, were on the point of having their efforts crowned with success, and again drove them with great loss, down the slope on the south side of the hill. Capt. Totten's ammunition was now nearly exhausted, and placing Dubois' battery upon the hill at the north end of the valley, Major Sturgis ordered the ambulances to move towards town. The infantry and Totten's full battery followed in good order and were not pursued by the enemy, who was evidently glad to be let alone.

When Gen. Seigel, who commanded the eastern division, heard the roar of Totten's artillery, he at once attacked the enemy in his quarter, driving him half a mile and taking possession of his camp, extending westward to the Fayetteville road. Here a terrible fire was poured into his ranks by a regiment which he had permitted to advance within a few paces of him, supposing it to be the Iowa 1st. His men scattered considerably, and Col. Solomon's could not be rallied, consequently Seigel lost five of his guns, the other being brought away by Capt. Flagg, who compelled his prisoners, some sixty in number, to draw the artillery off the field.

Our troops took some four hundred horses and about seventy prisoners, and compelled the enemy to burn nearly all of his baggage to keep it from falling into our hands. The enemy had twenty-one pieces of cannon, and at the last twenty-six, including those taken from Seigel.

Our army reached Springfield in safety, and are now preparing to move toward Rolla, but with no hopes whatever of reaching there. With a baggage train five miles long to protect, it will be singular, indeed, if the enemy does not prove enterprising enough to cut off a portion of it, having such a heavy force of cavalry. With two more regiments we should have driven the enemy entirely from the valley, and with a proper cavalry force, could have followed up such a victory with decisive results. Our loss is about 200 killed and 600 or 700 wounded, while the loss of the enemy must have been double our own. Dr. Schenck, who was in the rebel camp at a late hour last evening, bringing away our wounded, reports our men comparatively few with those of the enemy, whose dead were lying thick under the trees.

Sharp Work among the Pirates.

FOUR months ago three Federal ships stood listlessly upon the sea, outside of Charleston harbor, and the crews beheld with tears and curses a Spartan garrison of seventy men surrendering to seven thousand rebels. Two weeks ago, the conspirators in Fort Sumpter looked out upon the sea, and beheld forty men of Charleston, in a sinking vessel at the mercy of the waves, and under the guns of an American frigate, about to be carried to a Northern port under the flag they had insulted. The parallel is good. The pirates and the patriots were equally reckless; the riddled casemates of Sumpter correspond to the splintered hulk of the privateer; and in the end of the two parties of prisoners alone may we look for the dissimilar features. The rebel vessel, in this case, was the privateer Petrel, formerly the revenue cutter General Aiken, the captor was the United States frigate St. Lawrence.

The frigate St. Lawrence, which had lain at the Philadelphia Navy Yard in ordinary, stripped of rigging, and, apparently, a useless hulk, was prepared for sea late in June, and placed in commission about the 20th of June. She cruised for a month along the Atlantic coast, between Cape Henry and Savannah, and on the morning of the first of August, while just outside the harbor of Charleston, espied a long, rakish schooner, filled with men and mounting three or four guns, sailing rapidly down upon her. The port-holes were still shut, but the flag was at the peak, and the St. Lawrence looked not unlike a great, lubberly merchantman becalmed in strange latitude, and too unwieldy for any purpose save the holding of a big cargo for the avarice of an enemy to court and a daring privateer to secure. As the stranger came down, the St. Lawrence hoisted all sail and affected to be anxious to get out to sea. Directly a shot came skipping over the water, falling into the sea a few rods ahead of the frigate, and a number followed it in quick succession, but nearly all either striking beyond or passing over. The final discharge consisted of grape and canister, which made some little dalliance with the frigate's rigging, and admonished the commander that the play was growing serious. At this time the vessels were within speaking distance, and a man in uniform was seen mounted upon the pirate's deck, who shouted to the St. Lawrence to lay to and send over a boat. The crew were distinctly seen flourishing their cutlasses, and the gunners ramming and pointing their guns. Then the St. Lawrence threw up her ports, and disclosed a whole broadside of cannon, and directly the broad decks were filled with seamen in blue jackets, armed with muskets, who sprang into the shrouds and ran out on the yards, laying prone in the maintop, on the bowsprit, in the forecastle, and at every point where aim could be taken with advantage. In a word, the ugly merchantman was metamorphosed into a bristling war ship, with a man at every point, and a broadside of cannon looking into the eyes of the pirates. The latter, taken aback, recoiled a moment; but before they had time for action, even for thought, the guns belched forth iron and fire, splintering the masts, cutting the rigging and the sails as with knives, breaking the spars and the booms, and literally carving the schooner into pieces, and opening gulfs into which the water rushed, as through sluices, filling the hold, and admonishing the rebels that their sole hopes of life lay in the ship's boat or in wrestling with the sea. The fire still continued, and the water was full of driftwood. Many of the men jumped overboard, and the rest, launching the lifeboat, jumped in and held up a white handkerchief as a sign of surrender. But one man had an opportunity to go down into the cabin for his property, and he was a Lieutenant, a fellow named Harvey, formerly a midshipman in the United States service, under command of Capt. Sartori. Harvey recovered his trunk.

The St. Lawrence still continued the fire with small arms, but directing their aim at the hulk, and not at the small boat, the crew, excepting four men, were not injured. In ten minutes from the time of the discharge of her first gun, the vessel swayed heavily and went under, carrying down four men. The officers of the St. Lawrence now discovered the life boat and the flag of humiliation. They dropped a boat and made out to the rebels, and finally passed them on board ship, where they were ironed as fast as received, and securely confined below. In the engagement, the St. Lawrence received two shots; one in the foresail, the other in the quarter-deck. She transferred her prisoners to the Flag, on Sunday morning, and they were at once brought to Philadelphia and are now in prison.

On the 10th inst., the Quaker City brought to Fortress Monroe the prize schooner George G. Baker, of Galveston, and her confederate crew of four men, in irons. The schooner was captured by one of the blockading fleet off Galveston, and sent to New York with a United States crew on board. She was captured yesterday off Cape Hatteras by the rebel privateer York, who put four of her own men on board. Meanwhile the York was seen by the United States gunboat Union, which gave chase and burnt the privateer, but not until the crew had beached her and escaped. The Union then recaptured the Baker, made prisoners of her crew and transferred them to the Quaker City. The United States prize crew are still in the hands of the rebels.

Affairs at Washington.

OUR foreign relations attract the attention of Government at present. The Administration will, at all hazards, maintain its right to close the rebel ports. The question is now under discussion between our Government and those of England and France, and it is believed our right will be fully conceded.

The Congressional Investigating Committee of which Mr. Potter is Chairman, has made important discoveries, showing that traitors and spies daily frequent the Departments of the Government, procuring information, which is regularly transmitted to the enemy.

Secretary Chase has returned to Washington, and has met with many congratulations on the success of his financial arrangements in New York. The pledge of the New York banks, and of Philadelphia and Boston, to take $50,000,000 of the $100,000,000 of 7 3-10ths Treasury notes at par, with their reservation of the right to take the remainder if not absorbed by other subscriptions, is regarded as securing the taking of the entire loan, and as evidencing at once the patriotism of the eminent parties who thus advance to the aid of the Government, and their confidence in its powers and stability. An opportunity will at once be given to people all over the country to subscribe to the loan, and, indeed, subscriptions may now be made with the Assistant Treasurers of the United States at Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Under this loan every fifty dollar note will bear interest of one cent per day, and larger notes at the same rates. Books of subscriptions will soon be opened in all the principal cities and towns.

The President has issued the following proclamation:

Whereas, on the 15th day of April the President of the United States, in view of an insurrection against the Laws, Constitution and Government of the United States, which had broken out within the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, and in pursuance of the provisions of the act entitled an act to provide for calling forth the Militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrection, and to repel invasion, and to repeal the act now in force for that purpose, approved February 28th, 1795, did call forth the militia to suppress said insurrection and cause the Laws of the Union to be duly executed, and the insurgents have failed to disperse by the time directed by the President, and whereas, such insurrection has since broken out and yet exists within the States of Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas, and whereas the insurgents in all the said States claim to act under authority thereof, and such claim is not disclaimed or repudiated by the person exercising the functions of government in each State or States, or in part or parts thereof in which combinations exists, nor is such insurrection suppressed by said States, now therefore I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, in pursuance of an act of Congress, July 13th, 1861, do hereby declare, that the inhabitants of the said States of Georgia, South Carolina, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Mississippi and Florida, except the inhabitants of that part of the State of Virginia lying west of the Allegany Mountains, and of such other parts of that State, and in the other States herein before named as may maintain a loyal adhesion to the Union and the Constitution, or may be from time to time occupied and controlled by the forces engaged in the dispersing of said insurgents, are in a state of insurrection against the United States; and that all commercial intercourse between the same and the inhabitants thereof, with the exceptions aforesaid, and the citizens of other States and other parts of the United States, is unlawful and will remain unlawful until such insurrection shall cease or has been suppressed; that all goods and chattles, wares and merchandise coming from any of said States, with the exception aforesaid, into other parts of the United States without the special license and permission of the President and through the Secretary of the Treasury, or proceeding to any of said States, with the exceptions aforesaid, by land or water, together with a vessel or vehicle conveying the same, or conveying persons to or from said States, with said exceptions, will be forfeited to the United States; and that from and after fifteen days from the issuing of this proclamation all ships belonging in whole or in part to any citizen or inhabitant of any of the said States, with said exceptions, found at sea or in any port of the United States, will be forfeited to the United States; and I hereby enjoin on all District Attorneys, Marshals, and officers of revenue, and military and naval forces of the United States, to be vigilant in the execution of said act, and in the enforcement of the penalties and forfeitures imposed or declared by it, leaving any party who may think himself aggrieved thereby to his application to the Secretary of the Treasury for the remission of any penalty or forfeiture, which the said Secretary is authorized by the law to grant, if in his judgment the special circumstances of any case shall require such remission.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done in the city of Washington this 16th day of August, in the year of our Lord 1861, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-sixth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President.

By WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Sec'y of U. S.

All information in regard to the movements of the Army is to be hereafter kept most strictly private. Any reporter hereafter found in the lines, no matter how he is disguised, is to be most summarily dealt with. Civilians who are anxious to witness the next battle should also bear in mind that it will be necessary for them, in order to gratify their curiosity, to join one of the forward regiments, and shoulder a musket.

The States of Kentucky and Tennessee have been constituted a separate military command, to be called the Department of Cumberland, Brigadier-General Robert Anderson commanding.

It has been ascertained that the rebel Gen. Magruder, of Newport notoriety, left Yorktown a few days ago with about 7,000 of the rebel forces there, and went in the direction of Richmond. It is supposed they were to join the column of Beauregard in front of Washington. There are many evidences that the rebels are concentrating between Washington and Richmond nearly all the troops they have in Virginia. This is construed into a preparation on their part for an attack upon our lines here.

Reliable private advices from Texas, dated the 23d ult., represent the Union sentiment as rather on the increase, and this becomes evident as the true state of the agitation is better understood; and further, that it would extensively be manifested should Federal protection be afforded against the oppressions of the disunionists. The newspapers of that State have perverted the statements made by General Houston, from time to time, as it is positively known he has no sympathy with secession. At last accounts he was in quiet seclusion on his farm, awaiting events.

The design of Col. Van Horn and other leaders of the Northern States of Mexico and Lower California, depend for their fulfillment on the co-operation of the Mexican revolutionary chiefs; but so far the secession fillibusters have not met with the sympathy they anticipated from those sources. J. W. Denver has been appointed by the President a Brigadier-General of the California volunteers.

A general order was issued on the 15th, giving Provost Marshal Potter the authority to grant passes over the Long Bridge and within the lines; but they are to be given only to those having official business with the troops, except by the special order of the Secretary of War and the General in Chief. For several days past no one has been permitted to cross the Chain Bridge without an order from General McClellan.

Major-General McClellan has just issued the following order:

HEADQUARTERS, DIVISION OF POTOMAC,
WASHINGTON, August 16.

GENERAL ORDERS NO. 4.

All passes, safe conducts, and permits heretofore given to enter or go beyond the lines of the United States Army on the Virginia side of the Potomac, are to be deemed revoked, and all such passes will emanate only from the War Department, Headquarters of the United States Army, or of this Division, or from the the Provost Marshal at Washington. Similar process will be required to cross the river by bridge or boat into Virginia. A strict military surveillance will be exercised within the lines of the Army on the northern side of the Potomac, and on all avenues of every kind, land and water, leading to Washington, as well as over persons holding passes, as all others holding passes will not be required at or within the lines of the army north of the Potomac, but disloyal or suspected persons will be liable to arrest and detention until discharged by competent authority, and contraband articles will be seized. Officers and soldiers of the Army will obtain passes as heretofore ordered. All complaints of improper seizures or searches made or purporting to be made under military authority, will be received by proper Brigade Commanders or Provost Marshals, who will at once, in each instance, make report to headquarters.

By command of General McClellan.

S. WILLIAMS, Ass't Adjutant General.

This General Order does not contemplate requiring passes for ordinary railroad travel to and from Washington, or to enter the lines of the army on this side of the river from Maryland.

Captain Fox, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, reports that during his recent trip to the North he engaged one hundred vessels for the use of the Department, and they will be employed in the enforcement of the revenue laws.

The Secretary of State, on receipt of intelligence that the pirate Sumpter was permitted to enter the port of Curacoa, W. I., ordered the immediate removal of Moses Jesaman, American Consul at that port, and appointed Richard E. Morse, of Iowa, in his place.

Brigadier-General Sumner, commanding military division of Pacific, has officially informed flag officer Montgomery, as well as this Government, of the existence of a report that Colonel Van Dorn, of the rebel army, had been seen at the head of 13,000 men, on the road between San Antonio and El Paso, from which it is believed an attempt to subjugate Lower California may be contemplated by the rebels. Capt. Montgomery, in his instructions to subordinate officers, says this must not be allowed if it is in our power to prevent it; therefore should any exigency arise, he will promptly co-operate with the United States troops, and otherwise to do all he can to prevent the execution of any such purpose, by troops in the service of the States claiming to have seceded from our Federal Union.

The telegraph during the past two or three days has indicated an advance of the rebels upon Washington, and it is evident that an attack is apprehended. On the 16th inst. we are told that many incidents, insignificant in themselves, but full of significance when grouped together, tend to show that the rebels are on the eve of attacking our lines. Last night it was discovered that the rebel lines had been advanced in all directions towards the Potomac. Their force at Fairfax Court House has been largely increased. Heavy forces have also been thrown out upon all the roads. A large body is proceeding towards the Point of Rocks. The scouting parties are in the immediate vicinity of our lines along the whole extent of the Potomac.

About noon to-day the rebels in Baltimore received intelligence that the rebels were then marching upon Washington, and the information was published in an extra. It is thought they were a little too premature in announcing what they had been informed was intended to be done. Our doctors here disagree about the matter. Gen. Scott does not think the attack will be made, but Gen. McClellan, who was a class mate of Beauregard, and is familiar with his mode of combination, is well convinced that he will make an attack upon some point on the Potomac. The relative condition of the rebel army and our own makes it in the estimation of many military savans a military necessity.

It is said that the rebels have nearly 100,000 men between here and Richmond. They have not the means to provide for this immense army. They are conscious that under the recent management of Gen. McClellan, our army here is becoming day after day more formidable in numbers and discipline, and our works more impregnable, while their own forces are getting more disorganized and demoralized by delay and the poor prospect of provisions for their comfort and maintenance. It is evident that they must soon fight or disband. They cannot afford to wait for the result of Gen. Scott's plan of starving them out, or Gen. McClellan's programme to have the army perfectly disciplined and prepared before he begins to advance.

That an attack will be made within a short time is generally conceded, but whether it will be an attack directly on Washington or an invasion of Maryland, cannot be determined. It is possible that a feint may be made against our fortifications here, while the main body of the rebel army attempt to pass into Maryland at some point further up the river; or it may be that the feint will be made there with the view of drawing our forces from this point, and then make the main attack here. But no apprehensions are felt here. It is known that the untiring vigilance of Gen. McClellan has made ample preparation for a repulse of the attack at whatever point it shall be made.

On the 17th we are told that all accounts about direct attack on this city are mere feints to cover Davis' real purpose, which is the closing of the lower Potomac, and throwing a strong army across the river into St. Mary and Charles counties, both of which are rebel in sentiment. This done, they will march on Annapolis, counting on the formidable rising of Maryland rebels on the investment of Washington.

This (Monday morning) we are informed that the statement of a correspondent, that several days ago the Confederates were slowly moving their forces to the line of the Potomac with a view of entering Maryland and encouraging and supporting the revolutionary spirit in that State, with ultimate designs on Washington, is now repeated with an increased assurance of its truth, and with such evidences as cannot be disregarded. With a view of meeting all possible contingencies which may arise in connection with this subject, the Administration has just issued the following important order, a prompt response to which it is not doubted will be given, thus at once securing the Capital against invasion, and at the same time affording additional confidence to the country of the earnestness of the Government in the protection of its general welfare:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON,
August 19, 1861.

All commanders of regiments of volunteers accepted by this Department in the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Michigan, will take notice of and conform to the General Order this day directed to the Governors of the States above named, which is as follows:

TO THE GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF ———: By direction of the President of the United States, you are urgently requested to forward, or cause to be forwarded immediately to the city of Washington, all volunteer regiments or parts of regiments, at the expense of the United States government, that may now be enrolled within your State, whether under immediate control, or by acceptances issued direct from the War Department, whether such volunteers are armed, equipped, and uniformed, or not.

The officers of each regimental organization that may not be full, shall leave recruiting officers at their several rendezvous, and adopt such other measures as may be necessary to fill up their ranks at the earliest date possible. All officers of volunteer regiments on arrival will report to the commanding General, who will provide equipments and other supplies for their comfort.

To insure the movements of troops more rapidly than might otherwise be done, you will please confer with and aid all officers of independent regiments in such a manner as may be necessary to effect the object in view. All clothing or supplies belonging to, or contracted for the several regiments shall be forwarded to Washington for their use, detailed reports of which shall be made to the Commanding General.

SIMON CAMERON, Sec'y of War.

All of the military departments composed of the States of Maryland and Delaware, portions of Virginia, together with the city of Washington, have been placed in one grand department under command of Gen. McClellan. As a consequence, Generals Dix and Banks are thus placed in subordinate military positions. Fortress Monroe is not included in this new arrangement.

The State Department has issued the following notice addressed to all whom it may concern:

Until further notice, no person will be allowed to go abroad from a United States port without a passport either from this Department or countersigned by the Secretary of State; nor will any person be allowed to land in the United States without a pass from the United States Minister or Consul; or if a foreigner, from his own government, countersigned by such Minister or Consul. This regulation, however, is not to take effect in regard to persons coming from abroad until a reasonable time shall have elapsed for it to become known in the country from which they may proceed.

Day of Fasting, Humiliation and Prayer.

IN accordance with the request of Congress, President Lincoln has issued the following proclamation, appointing Thursday, September 26, as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer:

A Proclamation by the President of the United States of America.

Whereas, A joint committee of both Houses of Congress has waited on the President of the United States, and requested him to recommend a day of public humiliation, prayer and fasting, to be observed by the people of the United States with religious solemnities and the offering of fervent supplications to Almighty God for the safety and welfare of these States, His blessing on their arms, and a speedy restoration of peace: and

Whereas, It is fit and becoming in all people, at all times, to acknowledge and revere the Supreme Government of God, to bow in humble submission to His chastisement, to confess and deplore their sins and transgressions, in the full conviction that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and to pray with all fervency and contrition for the pardon of their past offenses and for a blessing upon their present and prospective action: and

Whereas, When our beloved country, once, by the blessing of God, united, prosperous, and happy, is now afflicted with faction and civil war, it is peculiarly fit for us to recognize the hand of God in this visitation, and in sorrowful remembrance of our own faults and crimes as a nation and as individuals, to humble ourselves before Him, and to pray for His mercy,—to pray that we may be spared further punishment, though justly deserved,—that our arms may be blessed and made effectual for the re-establishment of law, order and peace throughout our country, and that the inestimable boon of civil and religious liberty, earned under His guidance and blessing by the labors and sufferings of our fathers, may be restored to all its original excellence: therefore

I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do appoint the last Thursday in September next as a day of humiliation, prayer and fasting for all the people of the nation, and I do earnestly recommend to all the people, and especially to all ministers and teachers of religion of all denominations, and to all heads of families, to observe and keep that day according to their several creeds and modes of worship, in all humility and with all religious solemnity, to the end that the united prayer of the nation may ascend to the Throne of Grace, and bring down plentiful blessings upon our own country.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the great seal of the United States to be affixed, this 12th day of August, A. D. 1861, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-sixth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

The News Condenser.

— The Union majority in Kentucky is 60,000.

— Brigham Young has declared Utah independent.

— The story of Queen Victoria's insanity is pronounced untrue.

— There are sixty-five rebel prisoners now confined at Washington.

— The new Czar of Russia is said to be very profligate in his private life.

— The Empress Eugenie is expected to make another brief tour of England.

— Mrs. Livingstone has departed from London to join her husband in Africa.

— The committee fled on National Hymn among the hundreds offered for the prize!

— Barnum's second whale died Sunday week, the first one having expired the day before.

— Rhode Island has expended $297,164 for military purposes since the war commenced.

— Dr Pittee, of Wilmington, Vt., caught three bears in a trap recently, one weighing 350 lbs.

— Telegraphic communication between Washington and all the camps has been fully established.

— Jefferson College in Pennsylvania has conferred the degree of LL. D. on Hon. Joseph Holt.

— The canal tolls for this year to August 1st exceed those of any year for the same time since 1851.

— J. Lothrop Motley, who was recently appointed Minister to Austria, will at once repair to Vienna.

— The Republican State Convention of Maine has nominated Israel Washburn, Jr., for Governor.

— John McAffee, Speaker of the House of the Missouri Legislature, has been arrested for treason.

— It is reported by the Richmond papers that the rebels are about to commence offensive operations.

— Our recent celestial visitor, the comet, has received the name of St. Peter from His Holiness the Pope.

— The Vanderbilt steamers have been decided unfit for naval use, and will not therefore be purchased.

— The bill for the abolition of "Church Rates" before the English Parliament has be virtually "shelved."

— Two children were suffocated in Buffalo, August 14, in a fire caused by carelessness of their drunken parents.

— The wife of Gen. Flourney, of Arkansas, has become a raving maniac since the recent death of her husband.

— H. C. Graves, of Deerfield, Mass., the present season, cut herds grass six feet high, and three tons to the acre.

— Installments of rifled cannon, ten and twenty pounders, ready mounted, are almost daily arriving at Washington.

— A new cheap telegraph, by which a message can be sent and printed for six pence, is being laid down in England.

— Col. Walrath, of Syracuse, accused of cowardice at Bull Run, has been honorably acquitted by a Court of Inquiry.

— Jeff Davis was the Secretary of War who selected Geo. McClellan to go to the Crimea to observe the great battles.

— The Home Guard of Harrison county, Mo., surrounded and captured a force of four hundred rebels on the 24th ult.

— Under the income tax, members of Congress will have to pay $66 on the surplus of their $3,000 salary above $800.

— General Fremont, in private letters, speaks of the great assistance his wife "Jessie" renders him as private Secretary.

— Numerous arrests of deserters from the rebel army at Manassas have been made at Petersburgh, within the past few days.

— According to the last census, the details of which have just been made up, the population of Spain is 15,688,000 souls.

— The Government has ordered Col. Berdan to form his first regiment of sharp shooters from companies in different States.

— Brigadier General Anderson dined with the President Tuesday week. He will take command in Kentucky immediately.

— Rev. Joseph Field, of Charlemont, Mass., aged 90 years, was the oldest attendant upon commencement at Williams College.

— Joseph C. Brower, of Syracuse, has been awarded a contract for manufacturing 50,000 pair of army shoes, at 1 98½ per pair.

— Hon Amos Kendall is now sojourning at Bridgeport, Ct., where he is engaged in writing the life of President Jackson.

— A young man, named John Cotter, died at Chicago, on Thursday week, of a bite of a rattlesnake inflicted three days previous.

— A muscalonge that weighed 22½ pounds, 3½ feet in length, was caught at Northampton, Mass., in the Connecticut river.

— Twenty new regiments are forming in Philadelphia. Some of them have already enrolled three or four companies each.

— Beauregard's report of the casualties at the battle of Stone Bridge, states that the rebel loss, in killed and wounded, was 1,470.

— The American horse Starke won the last Goodwood Cup, the great prize so earnestly sought for by the English sporting gentry.

— Three companies of regulars have arrived at Washington from the West. Many of them have been in the service 16 or 20 years.

— The Dental Convention has resolved to hold their next session at Trenton Falls, N. Y., on the second Tuesday of August, 1862.

— Two escaped negroes report that 600 slaves had been drafted to erect batteries for the rebels at the mouth of the Rappahannock.

— The number of sick and wounded of the New York soldiers in the hospital at Georgetown and Washington, on the 3d, was 338.

— A colored girl named Amelia Stone, 24 years old, born in Geneva, N. Y., sold herself into slavery in New Orleans, on the 30th ult.

— The Democratic candidates for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and State Treasurer of Vermont, have declined being candidates.

— The largest domes ever made will be those on the new building for the English Exhibition of 1862. They will be 60 feet in diameter.

— The income tax is in addition to the direct tax of twenty millions, and not a part of it, as erroneously reported in many newspapers.

— A letter to the Dodoo Journal asserts that the Hon. Pierre Soule, ex United States Senator from Louisiana, is a hearty Union man.

— The case of a young Irish girl, who has followed the sea for several years in male attire, came to light in New York city a few days since.

— Some of the Southern papers are wild with joy over a report that Gen Scott has been superseded in the command of the national army.

— This State had $13,510 deposited in the Brockport Exchange bank when it failed. It was made a preferred creditor, and is amply secured.

— The rebel Congress has extended its jurisdiction over Missouri, Maryland, and Delaware, and is endeavoring to form regiments in those States.

— The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, in New York, have voted $500 to the widow of Lieut. Col. Haggerty, of the 69th, who was killed at Bull Run.

— The difficulties of St. Domingo with Spain have been settled. A decree had been issued by the Spanish authorities declaring slavery forever abolished there.

— Poisoned bullets were used by the rebels at Rich Mountain. A chemical analysis has disclosed the fact that the bullets were covered with a poisonous paste.

— T. A. R. Nelson, member of Congress from East Tennessee, has been arrested and sent to Nashville to be tried for "treason" against the Southern Confederacy.

ABOUT ADVERTISING.

FACTS FOR BUSINESS MEN.

As the season for Trade is again at hand, we would remind those who wish to Do Business the present Autumn and Fall, that the RURAL NEW-YORKER possesses extraordinary advantages as an ADVERTISING MEDIUM, its *actual circulation* exceeding by at least 20,000 that of *any other* paper published in this State or section of the Union (out of New York city.)

In addition to its immense circulation among the best portion of the Rural Population, (more particularly in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, &c.,) it is taken by thousands of Business and Professional Men in Villages and Cities from Canada to California, and Maine to Minnesota. Hence, it is THE medium through which to reach, at once, **Tens of Thousands** of the most enterprising, progressive and wealthy Farmers, Horticulturists, &c., and hosts of Merchants, Mechanics, Manufacturers and Professional Men. Its pages are unquestionably the best and cheapest channel on this Continent for the Business Cards and Announcements of all who wish to address the **Agricultural and Horticultural Public**,—such as Dealers in Implements and Machinery,—Fruit Trees, Shrubs, Plants and Flowers,—Seeds and Fertilizers,—Improved Stock, Real Estate, &c.,—as well as for leading Publishers and Booksellers, (especially of standard and practical works,) Wholesale Dealers, Manufacturers, Educational Institutions, Land, Insurance and other Companies, Agencies, &c.; and indeed for all who wish to secure *large* and *wide*, and hence *profitable* publicity. The fact that but limited space is devoted to Advertising, and that a rigid censorship is exercised over that department (our aim being to keep the WHOLE PAPER free from quackery, humbug and deception,) renders the RURAL far more valuable as a medium of making known matters of value and utility—for its announcements are generally so new and of such character as to be read and heeded by all interested.

☞ ASSOCIATED EFFORT leads to success in canvassing for periodicals, as well as in other enterprises. For instance, if you are forming (or wish to form) a club for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and cannot fill it up in your own neighborhood, get some person or persons a few miles distant to join with or assist you—adding their names to those you may procure, and sending all together. Please think of this, and act upon the suggestion if convenient.

☞ WESTERN AND SOUTHERN MONEY.—In the present deranged state of the currency, we are unable to use Western and Southern money, as our bankers will not purchase it at any rate of discount. Agents and Subscribers who cannot obtain New York, New England, Pennsylvania, or Canada Money, will please send us *U. S. Postage Stamps*, as they are far preferable to any uncurrent bank bills.

☞ CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing the address of their papers changed from one Post-Office to another, must specify the OLD address as well as the NEW to secure compliance with their requests.

☞ ANY person so disposed can act as local agent for the RURAL NEW-YORKER, and those who volunteer in the good cause will receive gratuities, and their kindness be appreciated.

SINGLE ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—A Western Agent, in remitting for one addition to his club says—"If sending single subscriptions don't suit, let me know." Well, Sir, it *does suit*, exactly. You or any other friend after forming a club for this volume, are at liberty, and requested, to make additions any time within the year at club rate—by ones, twos, threes, or any number.

Markets, Commerce, &c.

Rural New-Yorker Office,
ROCHESTER, August 20, 1861.

FLOUR is unchanged in rates, but inferior grades are in more demand, and there is a firmness observable in that class of brands.

GRAIN—Nothing to note except in Oats, which have declined slightly.

POTATOES are more plenty and the prices are 6@12 cts. lower for the week.

SHEEP PELTS are coming up as the date of shearing recedes. The range is from 18 to 38 cents.

HAY will only bring $6.00@9.00 per ton.

ROCHESTER WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.		Eggs, dozen	9@10c
Flour, winter wheat	$5.00@6.25	Honey, box	12@14c
Flour, spring do	4.25@4.75	Candles, box	10½@11c
Flour, buckwheat	2.00@2.00	Candles, extra	12@12c
Meal, Indian	90@90c	**FRUIT AND ROOTS.**	
Wheat, Genesee	1.00@1.20	Apples, bushel	50@75c
Best white Canada	1.20@1.25	Apples, dried ℔ lb	2½@3c
Corn, old	40@42c	Peaches, do	12@12c
Corn, new	40@42c	Cherries, do	12@12c
Rye, 60 lbs ℔ bush.	50@50c	Plums, do	00@8c
Oats, by weight	25@25c	Potatoes	31@33c
Barley	50@50c	**HIDES AND SKINS.**	
Buckwheat	32@40c	Slaughter	3@3½c
Beans	1.00@1.25	Calf	5@6c
MEATS.		Sheep Pelts	18@38c
Pork, Mess	$18.00@18.00	Lamb Pelts	18@31c
Pork, clear	17.00@18.00	**SEEDS.**	
Pork, cwt	5.00@5.50	Clover, bushel	$5.00@5.25
Beef, cwt	4.00@5.50	Timothy	2.50@3.00
Spring lambs, each	1.25@1.70	**SUNDRIES.**	
Mutton, carcass	5@6c	Wood, hard	$3.00@5.00
Hams, smoked	9@10c	Wood, soft	3.00@3.00
Shoulders	6@6c	Coal, Lehigh	7.00@7.00
Chickens	9@10c	Coal, Scranton	5.75@5.00
Turkeys	10@11c	Coal, Pittston	5.75@6.00
Geese	40@50c	Coal, Shamokin	5.75@6.00
Ducks ℔ pair	38@44c	Coal, Char	10@12½c
DAIRY, &c.		Salt, bbl	1.35@1.12
Butter, roll	8@9c	Hay, ton	8.00@9.00
Butter, firkin	8@10c	Straw, ton	0.00@0.90
Cheese	4@5c	Wool, ℔ lb	18@28c
Lard, tried	8½@9c	Whitefish, half bbl	3.00@3.25
Tallow, rough	4@4½c	Codfish, quintal	4.00@4.50
Tallow, tried	6@6½c	Trout, half bbl	3.00@3.25

THE PROVISION MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 19.—FLOUR—Market firm, without any important change in prices, but with less doing for export and home consumption. Shippers are disposed to wait for larger receipts, expected next week. Sales at $4.50@4.60 for superfine State, $4.75@4.90 for extra do, $4.50@4.60 for superfine Western, $4.65@5.00 for common to medium extra do, $5.20@5.25 for shipping brands extra round hooped Ohio, and $5.35@6.25 for trade brands do,—market closing dull. Canadian flour without any material change, with a moderate demand. Sales at $4.50@1.55 for superfine, and $4.65@7.50 for common to choice extra. Rye flour steady, with small sales at $2.50@3.85. Corn meal steady and in moderate demand, with sales at $2.— for Brandywine, and $2.85 for Jersey.

GRAIN—Wheat market quiet, and may be quoted 1c better for prime parcels, with only a very moderate business doing, shippers holding back for increased supplies, anticipated in the early part of next week. Sales Milwaukee club at $1.07@1.15, North-western club at $1.12, amber Iowa at $1.17, winter red Western at $1.30@1.31, the latter price for two lots very choice to arrive, while Western at $1.35@1.38 and white Kentucky at $1.40, and white Michigan at $1.12. Rye quiet, with sales at 52@58c. for Western, and 6½@65c for State. Barley and Barley malt continue dull and nominally unchanged. Peas remain quiet and nominal at 60c for Canadian. Corn market still rules quite firm, and may be quoted 1c better, with a good demand for export and home consumption. Sales at 50@51c for prime shipping mixed Western; 46@49c for Eastern do, 43c for damaged do, and 53c for yellow Western. Oats firmer and in moderate demand at 27@34c. for Canadian, and 32@34c. for Western and State.

PROVISIONS—Pork market dull and a trifle lower; sales at $16.00 for mess, $15.75 for clear, and $10.00 for prime. Beef quiet and firm, sales at $4@4.50 for country prime, $5.00@5.50 for country mess; $9.00@11.25 for re-packed mess, and $12.00@13.25 for extra mess. Prime mess beef continues dull and nominally unchanged, at $17@18. Beef hams quiet, sales at $12.50@14.00. Cut meats more active, sales at 4½@5c for Shoulders, and 6@8½c for Hams. Smoked meats scarce and very quiet. Bacon dull and nominally unchanged. Lard firm, with a moderate demand, sales at 8@9¼c. for No 1 to choice Western. Butter quiet and selling at 7@10½c for Ohio, and 8@11c for State. Cheese in good request, and selling at 6@7½c for good to very choice.

ASHES—Steady and quiet at $5.25 for Pots, and $5.37½ for Pearls.

HOPS—Steady, with a moderate demand, sales 40 bales, at 16@23c.

ALBANY, AUGUST 19.—FLOUR AND MEAL.—A firm market for Flour with a steady home and a fair demand for the supply of the surrounding country.

Common to good State	$4.30@4.50
Fancy and extra State	4.60@4.70
Common to good Western	4.50@5.00
Extra Michigan, Wisconsin, Indiana, &c.	5.25@6.70
Extra Ohio	5.00@6.75
Common Canadian	4.00@4.50
Extra Canadian	4.75@5.70
Fancy Genesee	5.00@6.50
Extra Genesee and city brands	6.00@7.00

Corn meal is selling in moderate quantities at 87c@$1 ℔ 100 lbs.

GRAIN—A firmer market for wheat with a moderate business doing, sales red winter State, new, at $1.17. Corn continues to meet with a good consumptive demand at gradually improving prices. We notice further sales on Saturday afternoon of mixed Western at 46c, this morning, do, at 45½@47c, closing firm at the outside figure. Rye and Barley quiet. Oats firmer with a fair demand, sales Chicago at 32½c.

BUFFALO, AUGUST 19.—FLOUR—Market quiet, with a moderate demand, sales to-day of Wisconsin extra at $4.00@4.50; Michigan extra at $4.70, Indiana extra at $5.00, and double extra do. at $5.50@5.75, and choice do at $6.00.

GRAIN—Wheat, market steady, with sales to-day of Milwaukee club No 1 at 90c, and Milwaukee club at 92@96c, old Ohio red winter at $1.10, Kentucky white at $1.17. Corn steady, with sales to-day at 37c, 37½@38c. Oats, last sale was at 25½c.—Beans quoted at 75c@$1.12½. Peas nominal at 50c for prime. Barley nominal at 45@50c. Seeds, timothy quoted at $1.50@2. Rye, sales to arrive at 50c, to arrive.

PROVISIONS—Market inactive. Small sales pork at $14.50@14. Hams at 8@8½c., 9@9½c for sugar cured do. Shoulders at 6c. Lard at 8@8½c. Beef at 6@9c. Cheese at 6@9c for old, and 4@6c for new.

THE CATTLE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUG. 14.—The current prices for the week at all the markets are as follows:

BEEF CATTLE.	
First quality, ℔ cwt.	$8.00@8.50
Ordinary quality	7.50@8.00
Common quality	7.00@7.50
Inferior quality	6.50@7.00
COWS AND CALVES.	
First quality	$50.00@60.00
Ordinary quality	40.00@50.00
Common quality	30.00@35.00
Inferior quality	22.00@28.00
VEAL CALVES.	
First quality, ℔ lb	4½@5½c
Ordinary quality	4 @4½c
Common quality	3½@4 c
Inferior quality	3 @3½c
SHEEP AND LAMBS.	
Prime quality, ℔ head	$4.00@4.50
Ordinary quality	3.25@3.75
Common quality	2.75@3.25
Inferior quality	2.25@2.75
SWINE.	
First quality, ℔ lb	4½@5 c
Other qualities	3½@3½c

ALBANY, AUGUST 19.—BEEVES—Prices are hardly as good as last week, although the decline on the better grades is so light as to be hardly perceptible. On the lower grades the falling off is equal to ¼@½c ℔ lb, live weight. The New Yorkers are buying sparingly, confident that there will be quite enough below by Tuesday, on commission, to defy profitable competition. The Eastern men, however, entered the market early, and have taken at last 1,000 head, all of the medium and best qualities.

RECEIPTS—The following is our comparative statement of receipts at this market over the Central Railroad, estimating 16 to the car:

	This week.	Last week.	Cor. week last year
Cattle	3,000	2,012	3,496
Sheep	6,336	3,462	3,699
Hogs	..	..	51

PRICES—We quote the market moderately active at the following quotations:

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	4½@4½c	4½@4½c
Extra	4½@4½c	4½@4½c
First quality	3½@4 c	3½@4 c
Second quality	3½@3½c	3½@3½c
Third quality	2½@3 c	2½@3 c

SALES—Nearly 7,000 head changed hands at figures within the above quotations.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—It will be seen that the supply is unusually large—nearly 2,000 more than last week. Market very dull at 3½c ℔ lb.

HOGS—Supply fair and demand extremely light—in fact, little beyond what is required by the butchers for immediate use. Prices unchanged, prime corn-fed at 3¾@4 cts ℔ lb.—*Atlas and Argus.*

CAMBRIDGE, AUG. 14.—At market 489 Cattle, 425 Beeves, and 64 Stores, consisting of Working Oxen, Cows and Calves, Yearlings, two and three years old, not suitable for Beef.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $6.25@6.50; first quality, $6.00; second do, $5.00@0.00; third do, $4.25.

WORKING OXEN—None.

COWS AND CALVES—$30, 35@48.

STORES—Yearlings, none; Two years old, none; Three years old, none.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—3,943 at market. Prices in lots at $1.25@1.62 each, extra and selections $1.87@2.50.

Spring Lambs—None.

HIDES—4½@5c ℔ lb. Tallow, 5@5½c.

PELTS—25@31. Calf Skins, 7@8c ℔ lb.

VEAL CALVES—$0@0.

BRIGHTON, AUGUST 15.—At market 680 Beeves, 90 Stores, 3,000 Sheep and Lambs, and 830 Swine.

PRICES—Market Beef—Extra, $7.00, first quality, $6.75; second do, $6.00, third do, $0.00@0.00.

MILCH COWS—$47@49, common, $18@19.

WORKING OXEN—None.

VEAL CALVES—$3, $4@5.00.

YEARLINGS—None; two years old, $00@00, three years old, $18@19 each.

HIDES—4½@5c. Tallow, 5½c.

CALF SKINS—7@8c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—$1 25@1,50, extra and selections, $2.00@$4.00.

PELTS—25c.@$1.00.

SWINE—Stores, wholesale, 6@7c; retail, 7@8c, fat hogs, still fed, none, corn fed, none, spring pigs, none.

THE WOOL MARKETS.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 15.—The medium grades of domestic fleeces are in demand and prices are sustained, sales of 40,000 lbs. at 30@35c. In other descriptions there have been no transactions, and prices are nominal.

American Saxony Fleece ℔ lb		35@40
American full-blood Merino		34@37
American half and three-quarter blood Merino		28@30
Native and one-fourth Merino		22@23
Extra, Pulled		30@37
Superfine, Pulled		31@34
No. 1, Pulled		22@24
Lambs, Pulled		26@27
California, fine, unwashed		24@26
California, common do		10@12
Peruvian, washed		26@34
Valparaiso, unwashed		11@12
South American Merino, unwashed		21@23
Do do Mestiza, do		16@20
Do do common, washed		10@13
Do do Entre Rios, do		12@15
Do do Entre Rios, unwashed		8@9
Do do Cordova, washed		20@22
Cape Good Hope, unwashed		25@27
East India, washed		12@25
African, washed		10@22
Do unwashed		8@10
Smyrna, do		17@18
Do washed		20@26
Mexican, unwashed		8@12

BOSTON, AUGUST 15.—The medium and common qualities of fleece and pulled wool are still sought after, and for them the market continues firm, but finer grades are very dull. The sales of the week have been 150,000 lbs fleece and pulled at 30@35c. In the country purchases have been more freely made at 25@30c ℔ lb. The transactions in foreign embrace an import of 500,000 lbs Valparaiso, 500 bales Peruvian, and 50 bales South American at various prices, as to quality.

Saxony Fleece	37@40	Pulled No. 1	28@30
Full Blood Merino	35@36	Do No. 2	16@20
Three-fourth do	34@35	Texas	9@40
Half do	32@34	Smyrna, washed	15@26
Common	28@30	Do. unwashed	9@17
Western mixed	20@25	Buenos Ayres	9@45
Pulled Extra	38@43	Crimea	7@17
Do. Superfine	30@30	Canada	29@33

DETROIT, AUGUST 15.—A number of new buyers have come into the market since our last, which has occasioned a better feeling and prices have advanced about 1c, the outside figures being 27@28c and occasionally 29c is paid. The coarse and medium wools are now about all taken, while the large lots of fine are all or nearly all held back. The former descriptions have been picked up for army goods at an average of less than 2c below the price paid for fine. Notwithstanding the rise here, the Eastern market is dull. It seems that accounts of low prices here brought buyers from the East, some of whom found matters less flattering for them than had been represented, notwithstanding which they entered the market. The parties to whom we allude are mostly manufacturers, but considerable has been bought for speculation, particularly by foreign parties, two of whom have taken, in the aggregate, about half a million pounds. One of the parties represents a house in Montreal, whose speculations are always confined to the purchase of staple at inside figures. It is, we believe, the first purchase ever made of Michigan wools on Canadian account.

One of our city buyers has taken, since last Saturday, 20,000 lbs, at an average of 26c, nearly as much at Fentonville, at the same average, and somewhat smaller quantities at Owosso, St. Johns, Ionia, Lowell, Niles, Decatur, &c., at about the same figure.—*Tribune.*

CINCINNATI, AUGUST 15.—The market is firm and receipts are taken rapidly at 20@30c. Not much coming in.—*Gazette.*

Married.

IN St. Thomas, C. W., on the 11th inst., by the Rev. D. W. ROWLAND, Mr. THOMAS WILLIAMS and Miss SARAH LUMLEY, both of the township of Southwold.

ON the 13th, by the same, at Laing's Hotel, Mr. PETER WARD and Miss REBECCA CAMERON, both of the township of Southwold.

Died.

AT Cleveland, this morning, 19th Aug., 1861, at the residence of her son-in-law, ALBERT M. HARMAN, Mrs. SUSAN, mother of Mr. THOMAS C. BATES, of this city.

Advertisements.

ADVERTISING TERMS, in Advance—THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A LINE, each insertion. A price and a half for extra display, or 52½ cents per line of space. SPECIAL NOTICES, (following reading matter, leaded,) Sixty Cents a Line.

☞ Its immense circulation among the Producers and Dealers of the Free States, renders the RURAL NEW-YORKER by far the Best and Cheapest Advertising Medium of its class. This FACT should be borne in mind by all Wholesale Dealers, Manufacturers, &c., who must necessarily depend upon the People of the North for patronage.

LEICESTER SHEEP FOR SALE by WM. JEFFREY, Whitby, Canada West.

SOMETHING NEW.—Agents wanted everywhere to engage in a new and honorable business that pays from $3 to $5 a day. *No Humbug.* Send new stamp for particulars to (606-2t) SANDERSON & BRO., Newark, New York.

$80 PER MONTH.—Agents wanted in every town. It is on Patent Medicine or Book Agency, but something new and of real value. For particulars, address with stamp. (606-2t) J. S. PARDEE, Binghamton, N. Y.

LEFT HIS HOME, on the 25th of June last, JACOB DUBLEBEISS, he was last seen in Webster, age between 11 and 12 years, light colored hair, stout built.—Any information of him will be thankfully received by J. DUBLEBEISS, care of W. H. CHENEY, Rochester, N. Y. Rochester, N. Y., August 19, 1861.

GAINESVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The Fall Term of this Institution will commence on Thursday, Sept. 5th. Terms, Board and Tuition per year, Common branches $67, Higher branches $70. For Catalogue address [606-3t] C. A. ELDRIDGE. Gainesville, Wyoming Co., N. Y., 1861.

TO TREE DEALERS.—Before purchasing elsewhere, send for our *Wholesale Trade List* for the fall of 1861 and spring of 1862. We offer a *very large* and extensive stock of Nursery articles, *well assorted*, and of the *very best quality*, at extremely low rates. C. B. MAXWELL & CO., Agents, August 1, 1861. [606-6t] Dansville, Liv. Co., N. Y.

FOR SALE at Niagara Falls, N. Y. 61 acres of choice land, situated midway between Suspension Bridge and Falls, and ¼ mile from H. H. DAY'S great Hydraulic Canal, now just finished. The premises consist of a neat and commodious cottage residence, containing 15 rooms, gas, bath, coach house, garden, orchard of choice fruit, farm house and barns, &c., &c., McAdam roads and plank walks.—Will be sold cheap and on easy terms. Apply to A. P. FLOYD, Att'y, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

ELECTION NOTICE.—SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.

Notice is Hereby Given, pursuant to the Statutes of this State, and of the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, at which election the officers named in the annexed notice will be elected. HIRAM SMITH, Sheriff. Dated, August 1st, 1861.

STATE OF NEW YORK, OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, Albany, August 1, 1861.

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:

SIR—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State, on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Secretary of State, in the place of David R. Floyd Jones.
A Comptroller, in the place of Robert Denniston.
An Attorney-General, in the place of Charles G. Myers.
A State Engineer and Surveyor, in the place of Van R. Richmond.
A State Treasurer, in the place of Philip Dorsheimer.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Hiram Gardner, for full term.
A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Benjamin F. Bruce, who was appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Samuel H. Barnes.
An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of Josiah T. Everest.
A Judge of the Court of Appeals, in the place of George F. Comstock.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also, a Justice of the Supreme Court, for the Seventh Judicial District, in the place of Henry Welles, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also, a Senator, for the Twenty-eighth Senate District, comprising the County of Monroe.

COUNTY OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED.

Three Members of Assembly.
A Sheriff, in the place of Hiram Smith.
A County Clerk, in the place of Dyer D. S. Brown.
A Superintendent of the Poor, in the place of Henry H. Babcock.
Two Justices of Sessions, in the places of Alphens S. Clark and Daniel B. DeLand.
Three Coroners, in the place of Frederick Reichenback, Oscar F. Brown and James W. Craig.

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next. 606-td

"LAMBERT'S WEEVIL-PROOF" WHEAT.—A sack of 2 bushels shipped to any address, upon receipt of Three Dollars. E. M. POTTER, Rochester P. O., N. Y. Oates, Aug. 9, 1861. 605-3t

NAPLES ACADEMY, at Naples, NEW YORK.—The Academy building having been finished, and put in order for School, so that it will compare favorably with any Academy in the State, and the School having been put in charge of Professor M. M. MERRELL, assisted by competent Teachers, the **First Term of the Academic Year** will commence on the 11th day of Sept., 1861. The Course of Study is intended to be equal to any Academy in this State, and cost of Tuition reasonable.

This Institution is located in a pleasant, quiet, and remarkably healthful village, and easy of access.

The Trustees hope to receive a fair proportion of patronage to their School, and pledge themselves that no effort shall be spared to so conduct the School as to deserve it. H. H. WATROUS, Pres't of Board of Trustees. E. WELLS, Sec'y. 606-4t

I WANT 100 SMART MEN (unemployed,) to sell WAR BOOKS! Sure to sell fast, and large profit given. Address, GEO. EDWARD SEARS, 181 William Street, New York. 593-4t

Bright on Grape Culture.—SECOND EDITION—Thirty Pages of New Matter, with the experience of 1860 and '61, being the most important part of the work. Indispensable to all GRAPE GROWERS. Sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of the price, 50 cents, in stamps. Address WILLIAM BRIGHT, 606-7t Box 138 Philadelphia P. O., Pa.

CHESTER COUNTY PIGS—An extra good lot, properly paired, for sale by 604-3t J. R. PAGE, Sennett, N. Y.

TO SEEDSMEN.—Champion of England, Early Kent, Bishop's Dwarf, Long Pod Dwarf, Dwarf Blue Imperial, Marrowfat, and other Peas, raised by 604-6t ROBERT HUME, Port Hope, Canada West.

ELMIRA FEMALE COLLEGE. NEXT SESSION OPENS SEPT. 5th.—With a superior course of study, distinct departments, annual graded classes, a regular College charter, and with an experienced and thoroughly organized faculty of instruction. Also, a department of domestic duties. Terms, for Board and Tuition, $74.00 per half yearly session. Send for a Catalogue to the Clerk, W. F. BENJAMIN, Elmira, Chemung Co., N. Y. For admission apply to REV. A. W. COWLES, D. D., President.

TREES AT LOW PRICES.

Ellwanger & Barry

RESPECTFULLY invite the attention of the public to their present immense stock, covering upwards of FIVE HUNDRED ACRES OF LAND, and embracing everything desirable in both

FRUIT and ORNAMENTAL DEPARTMENT,

Grown in the very best manner, and offered either at wholesale or retail, at greatly reduced prices.

Parties who contemplate planting should avail themselves of this opportunity, the like of which may not occur soon again.

Descriptive and Wholesale Catalogues forwarded gratis, and all information as to prices, &c., promptly given on application. 601-4teo MOUNT HOPE NURSERIES, August 1, 1861. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Cider Press Screws, 5 feet long, 4 inches in diameter. These powerful Screws bring out a third more juice than Portable Presses. Send for a Circular. Made by L. M. ARNOLD, Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Foundry. 598-4teo

CARPETINGS.

Howe & Rogers,

No. 85

STATE ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The LARGEST Retail Carpet Ware-Rooms in the UNITED STATES, where can be found at all times the most

Complete Assortment,

Comprising the BEST and most APPROVED MAKES, THIS AND FOREIGN MARKETS AFFORD. Persons about to furnish *anew*, or even *one* carpet, will find it to *their advantage* to look at our

Mammoth Stock.

We IMPORT and PURCHASE direct from the

MANUFACTURERS,

Which enables us to

Sell as Low

As ANY HOUSE in this COUNTRY! 596-eow

N. B.—Churches furnished at Manufacturers' Prices!

FIRST PREMIUM AWARDED BY New York State Agricultural Society, AT ELMIRA, OCT., 1860,

TO HARDER'S HORSE-POWER.

THE SUBSCRIBERS MANUFACTURE AT COBLESKILL, N. Y., ENDLESS CHAIN HORSE-POWERS, COMBINED THRESHERS AND CLEANERS, THRESHERS AND SEPARATORS.

These Powers are operated with greater ease to the team than others, running with very low elevation, and slow travel of the horses. The Combined Thresher and Cleaner runs very easy, is capacious, separates the grain cleanly from the straw and cleans as well as a regular fanning mill. In short, *these machines have no equal*, of which fact we believe we can satisfy all who will consult their own interest by addressing 597-4teo] R. & M. HARDER, Cobleskill, Schoharie Co., N. Y.

Homes for the Industrious!

— IN THE —

GARDEN STATE OF THE WEST.



THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD CO., HAVE FOR SALE

1,200,000 ACRES OF RICH FARMING LANDS,

In Tracts of Forty Acres and upward, on Long Credit and at Low Prices.

MECHANICS, FARMERS AND WORKING MEN.

THE attention of the enterprising and industrious portion of the community is directed to the following statements and liberal inducements offered them by the

ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY,

which, as they will perceive, will enable them by proper energy, perseverance and industry, to provide comfortable homes for themselves and families, with, comparatively speaking, very little capital.

LANDS OF ILLINOIS.

No State in the Valley of the Mississippi offers so great an inducement as the State of Illinois. There is no portion of the world where all the conditions of climate and soil so admirably combine to produce those two great staples, CORN and WHEAT, as the Prairies of Illinois.

THE SOUTHERN PART

of the State lies within the zone of the cotton regions, while the soil is admirably adapted to the growth of tobacco and hemp, and the wheat is worth from fifteen to twenty cents more per bushel than that raised further north.

RICH ROLLING PRAIRIE LANDS.

The deep rich loam of the prairies is cultivated with such wonderful facility that the farmers of the Eastern and Middle States are moving to Illinois in great numbers. The area of Illinois is about equal to that of England, and the soil is so rich that it will support twenty millions of people.

EASTERN AND SOUTHERN MARKETS.

These lands are contiguous to a railroad 700 miles in length, which connects with other roads and navigable lakes and rivers, thus affording an unbroken communication with the Eastern and Southern markets.

APPLICATION OF CAPITAL.

Thus far, capital and labor have been applied to developing the soil; the great resources of the State in coal and iron are almost untouched. The invariable rule that the mechanical arts flourish best where food and fuel are cheapest, will follow at an early day in Illinois, and in the course of the next ten years the natural laws and necessities of the case warrant the belief that at least five hundred thousand people will be engaged in the State of Illinois in various manufacturing pursuits.

RAILROAD SYSTEM OF ILLINOIS.

Over $100,000,000 of private capital have been expended on the railways of Illinois. Inasmuch as part of the income from several of these works, with a valuable public fund in lands, go to diminish the State expenses, the TAXES ARE LIGHT, and must consequently every day decrease.

THE STATE DEBT.

The State Debt is only $10,105,398, 14, and within the last three years has been reduced $2,959,746 80, and we may reasonably expect that in ten years it will become extinct.

PRESENT POPULATION.

The State is rapidly filling up with population; 868,025 persons having been added since 1850, making the present population 1,723,663, a ratio of 102 per cent. in ten years.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

The Agricultural products of Illinois are greater than those of any other State. The products sent out during the past year exceeded 1,500,000 tons. The wheat crop of 1860 approaches 35,000,000 bushels, while the corn crop yields not less than 140,000,000 bushels.

FERTILITY OF THE SOIL.

Nowhere can the industrious farmer secure such immediate results for his labor as upon these prairie soils, they being composed of a deep rich loam, the fertility of which, is unsurpassed by any on the globe.

TO ACTUAL CULTIVATORS.

Since 1854, the company have sold 1,300,000 acres. They sell only to actual cultivators, and every contract contains an agreement to cultivate. The road has been constructed thro' these lands at an expense of $30,000,000. In 1850 the population of the forty nine counties through which it passes was only 335,598; since which 479,293 have been added, making the whole population 814,891, a gain of 143 per cent.

EVIDENCES OF PROSPERITY.

As an evidence of the thrift of the people, it may be stated that 600,000 tons of freight, including 8,600,000 bushels of grain, and 250,000 barrels of flour, were forwarded over the line last year.

EDUCATION.

Mechanics and workingmen will find the free school system encouraged by the State, and endowed with a large revenue for the support of schools. Their children can live in sight of the church and schoolhouse and grow with the prosperity of the leading State in the Great Western Empire.

PRICES AND TERMS OF PAYMENT.

The prices of these lands vary from $6 to $25 per acre according to location, quality, &c. First class farming lands sell for about $10 or $12 per acre; and the relative expense of subduing prairie land as compared with wood lands is in the ratio of 1 to 10 in favor of the former. The terms of sale for the bulk of these lands will be

One Year's Interest in advance,

at six per ct. per annum, and six interest notes at six per ct. payable respectively in one, two, three, four, five and six years from date of sale, and four notes for principal, payable in four, five, six and seven years from date of sale; the contract stipulating that one-tenth of the tract purchased shall be fenced and cultivated, each and every year, for five years from date of sale, so that at the end of five years, one-half shall be fenced and under cultivation.

Twenty Per Cent. will be deducted

from the valuation for cash, except the same should be at six dollars per acre, when the cash price will be five dollars.

Pamphlets descriptive of the lands, soil, climate, productions, prices and terms of payment, can be had on application to

J. W. FOSTER, Land Commissioner, Chicago, Illinois.

For the names of the Towns, Villages and Cities situated upon the Illinois Central Railroad see pages 188, 189, 190, APPLETON'S RAILWAY GUIDE.

[Written for Moore's Rural New-Yorker.]

THEY ARE WAITING.

BY BELL CLINTON

They are waiting by the hearthstones,
Where New England fire-light gleams,
Where the pine tree waves its tassels
On her mountains—by her streams;
Where New England homes are scattered
All her hills and valley o'er,
They're waiting for the brave and true
Who are coming—nevermore.

They are waiting on the prairie,
Where they list the wild bird's song,
Where spring, with soft, light footsteps,
Brings her fairy gems along;
Where summer suns shall ripen
Autumn's treasured golden store,
They'll be waiting still for loved ones
Who are coming—nevermore.

They are waiting in the Southland,
Where the bloom is ever bright,
Where its streams are ever flashing,
Ever sparkling in the light;
Where the birds are ever singing,
'Mid the orange-scented bowers,
And the tall Magnolia waveth
Proudly with its fragrant flowers.

And if Peace her wing is pluming
For a sad and lengthened flight,
If o'er our land, so glorious,
Must linger War's sad blight—
If our cherished flag of freedom
Be assailed by traitorous hand,
Till our fathers, sons, and brothers,
In its defence must stand—

Then from Northern vale and hill-side,
From every Southern plain,
In our homes on mound and prairie,
Through our country's vast domain,
By how many, many firesides,
From East to Western shore,
They'll be waiting for the loved ones
Who are coming—nevermore.

But a Land afar is gleaming,
O'er the "mystic river" bright—
A Land where "rests no shadow,"
And no long and weary night.
O, the blest and sin forgiven,
Whom we love, are on that shore;
They are waiting for *our* coming,
To be parted—nevermore.

Chenango Co., N. Y., 1861.

The Story-Teller.

AND THEN!

The oracle of the beautiful sequestered little hamlet of Ambermead was an old gentleman of unobtrusive and orderly habits, whose peculiar taciturnity had obtained for him the familiar cognomen of Two Words. Mr. Canute, *alias* Two Words, dwelt on the outskirts of the village, tended by an ancient housekeeper, almost as chary of speech as her worthy master. It was surmised that Mr. Canute had seen better days; for though his means were straitened, his heart was large, and his countenance expressed great benevolence. Notwithstanding the brief mode of speech which characterized him on all occasions, the advice of Mr. Canute was eagerly sought on every subject wherein it was presumed advice could be profitable; and the simple rustics of Ambermead perhaps valued it the more, because, though delivered without a particle of pomposity, the terseness and decision of the words expended left an indelible impression which long sermons often failed to convey. Mr. Canute lived on terms of intimacy with the family at the old Hall—an intimacy cemented by early association, for Mr. Harwell and Mr. Canute had been school-fellows; and when a painful and lingering illness attacked the squire, his ancient friend and crony felt deep anxiety as to the ultimate fate of Mr. Harwell's only child, the good and lovely Clara Harwell. The disease was an incurable one; though the suffering might be protracted, there was no hope of ultimate recovery, and an air of gloom reigned over the village of Ambermead, where once the sweet spring and summer tide brought only sport and glee. Ambermead was noted for a profusion of rich red roses, exhaling delicious fragrance; and for the song of innumerable nightingales, whose harmonious concerts resounded amid the umbrageous groves sheltering the hamlet on every side and extending beyond the old Hall of Ambermead. But now, although the roses bloomed and the birds sang, serious faces looked from the cottage doors; and while the younger villagers forgot their usual pastimes, the elders conversed apart in whispers, always directing their glances toward the Hall as if the sufferer within those thick walls could be disturbed by their conversation. This sympathy was called forth, not only by the circumstance of Mr. Harwell being their ancestral landlord, the last of an impoverished race, but from his always having lived among them as a friend and neighbor—respected as a superior, and beloved as an equal. Their knowledge, also, of the squire's decayed fortunes; and that, on his death, the fine old place must become the property of a stranger, whom rumor did not report favorably of, greatly enhanced the concern of these hereditary cultivators of the soil; and many bright eyes grew dim thinking of poor Miss Clara, who would soon be fatherless, and almost penniless. The estate of Ambermead was strictly entailed in the male line, and the next heir was of distant kin to the Harwells. A combination of misfortunes, and no doubt of imprudence in years long bygone, had reduced the present proprietor to the verge of ruin, from which he was to find refuge only in the grave. The Harwell family had lived for centuries in Ambermead. They seemed so much to belong to their poor neighbors, who always sympathized most fully in all the joys and sorrows of the "Hall folk," that now, when there was a certain prospect of losing them forever as it seemed, the parting became more than a common one between landlord and tenant, between rich and poor—it was the parting of endeared friends.

They watched and waited for Mr. Canute passing to and fro, as he did every day, and more than once a day; and on his two words they hung, as if life or death were involved in that short bulletin.

"How is the squire to-day?" said one.

"No better," replied Mr. Canute, mildly, without stopping.

"And how's Miss Clara?" inquired another, with deep pity in his looks.

"Very patient," responded the old man, still moving slowly on with the aid of his stout staff.

"Patient!" repeated several voices when he was out of hearing. "Yes, yes, patient enough; and Master Canute means a deal when *he* says patient. Bless her young sweet face! there's patience in *it* if ever there was in mortal's."

Mr. Canute's patience was sorely taxed by questions at all hours; he was waylaid first by one, then by another, on his way from his own cottage to the Hall, but with unfailing good nature and promptitude he invariably satisfied the affectionate solicitude of his humble neighbors—in his own quaint way, certainly—never wasting words, yet perfectly understood.

The summer-tide was waning into autumn, and the squire of Ambermead faded more gradually than autumn leaves, when late one evening a wayfarer stopped at Mr. Canute's cottage, which was on the roadside, and requested permission to rest, asking for a draught of water from the well before the porch.

"Most welcome," said Two Words, scanning the stranger, and pleased with his appearance, for youth and an agreeable countenance are sure passports; perhaps, too, Mr. Canute discerned gentle breeding in his guest, despite travel-stained habiliments, and a dash of habitual recklessness in his air. At any rate, the welcome was heartily given, and as heartily responded to; and when Mr. Canute left his dwelling, in order to pay his usual evening visit at the Hall, he merely said, addressing his young visitor, "Soon back;" and turning to Martha, the careful housekeeper, added, "Get supper;" while on stopping over the threshold second thoughts urged him to return and say to the young man, "Don't go."

"No, that I won't," replied he, frankly, "for I like my quarters too well. I'll wait till you come back, governor; and I hope you won't be long, for my mouth waters for the supper you spoke of."

Mr. Canute smiled, and walked away more briskly than usual; and after sitting for some time beside the sick man's bed, and bidding "good-night" and "bless you" to sweet Clara Harwell, he retraced his steps homeward, and found supper ready, and the handsome stranger so obviously ready to do justice to the frugal fare, that Mr. Canute jocularly remarked, "Keen air," to which the stranger replied in the same strain, "Fine scenery," on which the host added, "An artist?" when the youth, laughing outright, said, "An indifferent one, indeed." After a pause, and suffering his mirth to subside, he continued, "Are you always so economical in words, sir? Don't you sometimes find it difficult to carry on a conversation in this strain?"

"*You* don't," returned Mr. Canute, smiling, and imperturbably good natured.

"Not I," cried the youth, "and I want to ask you half a hundred questions. Will you answer me?"

"I'll try," replied Mr. Canute.

"I've not long to stay, for I'm on a walking tour with a friend; but I diverged to Ambermead, as I was anxious to see it. I've had a curiosity to see it for a long while; but my friend is waiting for me at the market town, eight miles off, I think, and I shall strike across the country when the moon is up, if you'll give me a rest till then."

"Most welcome," said Mr. Canute, courteously.

"Ah, ha!" quoth the stranger, "if that's the way you pursue your discourse, I don't think I shall learn much from you. I hope, however, that I may get a wife who will follow your example—a woman of two words, in short—she'll be a rare specimen of her sex."

"Ah, ha!" ejaculated Mr. Canute.

"But come, tell me, for time presses," said the young man, suddenly becoming grave—"tell me all about Ambermead and the squire—how long he's likely to last. For, in fact, the friend I mentioned, who is with me during this walking tour, is vastly interested in all that concerns the place and property."

"The heir?" whispered Mr. Canute, mysteriously.

"Well, well, suppose we say he is; he's not altogether a bad fellow, though he is considered a bit reckless and wild. But he has heard of Clara Harwell's beauty and goodness from his cousin, Lady Ponsonby, (she's Clara's cousin, too, you know;) and he is really quite sorry to think that such a lovely creature should be turned out of the old hall to make room for him. He wants to know what will become of her when old Harwell dies, for all the world knows he's ruined. It's a pretty place this old Ambermead—a paradise, I should say. I know what I'd do, if I was ever lucky enough to call it mine." The youth rubbed his hands gleefully. "I should be a happy dog, then!"

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, smiling.

"Why, then, I'd pull down the rickety old house up there, and build a palace fit for a prince; I'd keep nothing but the old wine; I'd have lots of prime fellows to stay with me; and I should sport the finest horses and dogs in the country!" The speaker paused out of breath.

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, quietly.

"Why, then, I'd hunt, and shoot, and ride, and drink, and smoke, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life to the full—feasting from year's end to year's end—the feast of reason and the flow of soul, you know, in old Ambermead."

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose that in time I should grow old, like other people, and cease to care for all these things so much as I did when youth and strength were mine."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, more slowly.

"Why, then"—and the stranger hesitated—"then, I suppose, like other people, in the course of nature, I should have to leave all pleasures of this life, and, like other people—die."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, fixing his eyes, glittering like diamonds, on the young man's face, which flushed up, as he exclaimed, with some irritation:

"Oh, hang your 'and thens!' But the moon is well up, I see, so I'm off. Good night, and thank you." And without further parley, he started off on his walk over the hills; and Mr. Canute silently watched his guest's retreating figure till, in the deep shadows of the surrounding groves, he was lost to view. In the moonlight, in the darkness, in the valley, and on the hillside, those words haunted the wayfarer, and he kept repeating to himself, "And then?" Thoughts took possession of his mind that never before had gained entrance there, or at least they arranged themselves in a sequence which gave them quite a new significance. His past life presented itself to him for the first time as a coherent chain of events, exemplifying cause and effect; and if his plans for the future did not at that moment receive any determinate change, he still kept repeating, anxiously and inquiringly, as he wandered on in the moonlight, the two strangely suggestive words, "And then?" It proved a long and toilsome night's journey for that belated traveler; for he had left Mr. Canute's cottage so hastily that he had omitted to ask for certain landmarks on the hills leading to the place whither he was bound. In consequence the stars faded in the sky, and the rosy morn broke through the eastern mists, ere the weary man, from the summit of a high hill, which he had tortuously ascended, beheld afar off, down in the valley, the shining river, the bridge, and the church tower of the town where his friend, in some anxiety, awaited his re-appearance.

During all his after life that young man never forgot the solitary night walk when he lost his way beneath a beautiful spangled summer sky; the stars seemed to form the letters, "And then?" the soft night breeze seemed to whisper in his ear, "And then?"

It is true, he had not gained the intelligence he sought respecting the inmates of Ambermead Hall; but he had laid bare his own folly for the inspection of Mr. Canute; and in return he had listened to no reproof—no tiresome lecture vouchsafed from prosy age to ardent youth, but simply two words had penetrated his heart and set him a thinking seriously. Mystic little words: "And then?"

For nearly three years after Mr. Harwell's decease, the old Hall, contrary to general anticipation, remained untenanted, save by domestics left in charge. Miss Clara had found shelter with her relative, Lady Ponsonby, though her memory was still fresh and warmly cherished among the humble friends in her beautiful native village. Mr. Canute, if possible, more silent than ever, still remained the village oracle; perhaps more cherished than of yore, inasmuch as he was the only memento remaining of the beloved Harwells—the old familiar faces now seen no more. *He* would listen, and *they* would talk, of days gone by; he felt the loss even more than others, for he mourned a companion and friend in Mr. Harwell, and Clara had been to the good Two Words as an adopted daughter. At length it was rumored that Mr. Selby, the new proprietor, was soon expected to take possession of his property in due form; moreover, that he was on the point of marriage, and that his young bride would accompany him. Ill reports fly quickly; and it had been circulated in former times that Mr. Selby was wild and extravagant, careless of others, selfish and profligate. Indeed, Mr. Canute had not contradicted such reports, so it was generally opined they were too true, and had a legal foundation. With heavy hearts the inhabitants of Ambermead commenced their rural preparations for the reception of the squire and his bride; green arches were erected, and wreaths of flowers were hung on the spreading branches beneath which the travelers' road lay. It was the season of roses and nightingales, when Ambermead was in its glory; and never had the rich red roses bloomed so profusely, and never had the chorus of the groves been more full and enchanting, than on the summer evening when the young and old of the hamlet, arrayed in their holiday attire, waited to greet the new comers.

Mr. Canute stood at his cottage-door; the bridge just beyond, over which the route conducted to the Hall through avenues of greenerie, was festooned with roses; and a band of maidens in white lined the picturesque approach. The sun was setting when a carriage drove quickly up, slackening its pace as it crossed the bridge, and stopping at Mr. Canute's humble gate. Two Words himself, bareheaded, stepped forward on seeing a lady alight, who in another moment threw herself into his arms, exclaiming: "Our first greeting must be from you, dear, dear Mr. Canute! I need not introduce Mr. Selby—he is known to you already." Speechless from astonishment and emotion, the old man could only say, "Miss Clara!"—as he gazed from one to the other, recognizing in the gentleman the wayfaring guest who had departed so abruptly on his walking expedition over the moonlight hills more than three years previously. Seizing the hand which Mr. Canute silently extended, Mr. Selby said, with deep feeling:

"It is to your instrumentality that I owe my present happiness."

"How so?" was Mr. Canute's reply, looking with pleased surprise into the open face, which, on a former occasion had won his confidence and admiration.

"*Two words* spoken in season wrought a change in me which all the preaching of friends and guardians had failed to effect," returned Mr. Selby, "and without which Clara never would have blessed me with her hand. These years of probation have proved my sincerity; and Lady Ponsonby (a severe and scrutinizing judge) pronounced my reformation complete ere she permitted me to address Clara. Those two little words, '*And then?*' enigmatical to the uninitiated, convey a deep and mystical meaning to my heart; and they are of such significant import, that by inserting them whenever I paint the future, I trust to become a wiser and a better man."

Clara gazed proudly and confidingly on her husband; and the news of her arrival having spread through the village, a crowd collected, whose joy and surprise found vent in tears and blessings, to say nothing of numerous *asides*, purporting that Miss Clara never would have espoused a bad man; ergo, Mr. Selby must be a worthy successor of the ancient race!

The prognostication proved correct; and the pathway, strewn with bright summer roses, over which Clara trod in bridal pomp on her way to the ancestral home where she was born, was indeed emblematical of the flowery path which marked her future destiny.

The old Hall of Ambermead is still extant—a fine specimen of venerable decay, surrounded by ancestral groves, still famed for sheltering innumerable nightingales when the Ambermead roses exhale their delicious fragrance. In the old church-yard on the green hill-side, a white monument gleams in the sunshine, whereon may be traced the name of John Canute, specifying the date of his happy death, while below is engraven this inscription of two words—"*And then?*"

A STRING OF PEARLS.

Honesty, like virtue, must be its own reward.

The feeling is often the deeper truth, the opinion the more superficial one.

Every art is best taught by example; good deeds are productive of good friends.

Men generally make way for him who is determined to push boldly past them.

If we carry not the beautiful within us, we may travel over the world in vain search of it.

Most men have in their souls no locomotive strong enough to draw a train of thought.

One of the greatest robbers is intemperance, for it robs the poor house and the prison of their victims.

Nothing is more easy than to do mischief—nothing more difficult than to suffer without complaining.

He who is voluntarily false will soon be so involuntarily; from deceiving others he will get to deceive himself.

Happiness must arise from our own temper and actions, and not immediately from any external conditions.

There is no policy like politeness; and a good manner is the best thing in the world, either to get a good name or supply the want of it.

Wit and Humor.

DOESTICKS ON "SHODDY."

Doesticks, who claims to be an Ellsworth Zouave, thus narrates the experience of his Regiment after receiving their uniforms from the Military Board:

The uniforms sent from New York were the trashiest things possible; they wouldn't stand the pressure—they wouldn't stand any pressure. A gentle wind would blow a man's coat into rags in half a day; while if he ventured out doors in a stiff breeze, his red breeches would tear out into long red flags, and in ten seconds he would look like a walking flagstaff, with the signal set for "Never mind the Commodore old fellow, but sail in and fight on your own hook." No man has had a whole suit of clothes for two months. We've gone on guard dressed only in overcoat and musket, and we've done scout duty in the easy and elegant attire of a revolver and one pair of shoes to three men. When we've wanted to dress extra fine for Sunday service, we'd polish our muskets and tie a red rag on each leg. The chaplain, for decency's sake—when he preaches—stands in an empty pork barrel to hide his legs.

I called on the Colonel yesterday, dressed only in a bayonet; and that confederate officer admired my airy costume much, but said I'd better kill a few secessers, and when I begged one of my own size, I might help myself to his breeches. When our whole company lately applied to him for clothes, he said he hadn't got any for us, but he served out fifteen rounds of ball cartridges to each, and gave us leave of absence for two days, and told us to bury all the secesh we killed, so as not to lumber up the country. Most of the fellows got good suits of clothes, and Bob Brown was so uncommonly particular that he didn't suit himself till he had killed five fellows. With my usual luck, I couldn't find a fellow my size—they were all too short or too long. When at last I did find a fellow five feet nine, and had just got a good aim on him, he raised his head and disclosed the unwelcome fact that it was one of our own sergeants. Just my luck—he had on a lovely suit of gray which would have fitted me to a hair, and if I'd been half a second quicker on the trigger I could have had it, but I couldn't decently shoot after I'd seen his face. However, I got a fair suit of blue cloth, and Bob Brown is on the lookout to help me to better my condition. He wants to find a fellow five feet nine, rather slim in the waist, and with a new and well fitting suit, army blue preferred.

C. S. A.—The above insignificant letters having been discovered recently upon the closed door of an individual known to have been largely interested in Southern business, his anxious creditors came to the conclusion that he had incontinently sloped for "Secessia," until one of them chanced to meet him in the street.

"Hallo!" says the creditor, "what are you doing here? I saw the placard on your door—C. S. A.—Confederate States of America."

"Softly," replied the debtor, "that's not the way I translate it—C. S. A.—Can't Settle Accounts." The man was only in the same condition of the "C. S. A. *States*"—they can't settle their accounts, as many a man can most feelingly bear witness.

What's in a Name?—One of the Richmond editors names the new comet the "Southern Confederacy," for the reasons, we presume: 1st, that it appeared very suddenly; 2d, that it is disappearing very rapidly; and 3d, that it bears about the same relation to the fixed stars that the Southern Confederacy bears to the stars in our national galaxy.

Corner for the Young.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 22 letters.
My 7, 10, 15, 1, 3 is a county in New Hampshire.
My 22, 1, 10, 3, 18 is a county in Virginia.
My 7, 2, 13, 22 is a county in Georgia.
My 1, 4, 3, 18 is a county in North Carolina.
My 14, 19, 7, 15, 17 is a county in Alabama.
My 5, 10, 18, 15, 21 is a county in Michigan
My 9, 19, 12, 10, 4 is a county in Kentucky
My 1, 16, 3, 21, 2, 9 is a county in New York.
My 14, 4, 2, 9, 20 is a county in Ohio.
My 11, 20, 6, 18, 10, 21 is a county in Ohio
My 22, 12, 8, 8, 7, 10 is a county in New York.
My whole is a true saying

Buffalo, N. Y., 1861. FRANK A. RATHBUN

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

ANAGRAMS.

1. To love ruin.
2. Great helps
3. Nine thumps.
4. Muse starers.
5. Nay, I repent it.
6. Sly ware
7. Comical trade.
8. March on
9. Ton jennyomet nad onl werros
Si uro tindends e ed dan yaw,
Tub ot cal bett hace tomrowor
Dinf su ruterf nath toady.

Glendale, O., 1861. J. H. C.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

CHARADE.

My first is lovely when the spring
Has brought the buds and flowers;
My second oft is sought and found
In nature's loveliest bowers;
My whole is found along the banks
Of Hudson's silvery stream—
Where from the city's crowded marts
We can retire and dream.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

For Moore's Rural New-Yorker

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

Towering from the top of the belfry of the Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary is a pole of an immense height; at its top is an American ensign. Wishing to know the height of the ensign, and being upon the opposite side of the Oswegatchie river, and upon the same horizontal plane with the Seminary, I took its angle of elevation, which I found to be 7° 48' 40", and on going directly back 473 feet on the same plane, I found its angle of elevation to be 6° 0' 27". Required, the height of the ensign. EDWIN A. DODGE.

Gouverneur, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., 1861.

☞ Answer in two weeks.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, &c., IN No. 604.

Answer to Acrostical Enigma:—Take time by the forelock.
Answer to Biblical Enigma:—The wise shall inherit glory.
Answer to Charade:—In-no-cent.
Answer to Algebraical Problem:—8 horses and 24 sheep.

Advertisements.

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This admirable machine is now ready for the fruit harvest of 1861. It is, if possible, made better than ever before, and well worthy the attention of farmers wanting such Machines.

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604-10t Eagle Works, Harrisburg, Pa.

A Splendid Farm to Let for a Term of 5 Years.—The subscriber, having been in feeble health for several years, has now concluded to try long sea voyages, and will let about 300 acres (all tillable) of his farm for a money rent. The farm is in perfect order and one of the best in the State for either grain or grass, excellently watered, buildings first rate. As he intends sailing by 1st of October it is important that intending offerers should view it immediately.
602-tf ROBT. J. SWAN.
Rose Hill Farm, near Geneva, Ont. Co., N. Y., July 23, 1861.

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The following works on Agriculture, Horticulture, &c., may be obtained at the Office of the Rural New-Yorker. We can also furnish other books on Rural Affairs, issued by American publishers, at the usual retail prices,—and shall add new works as published. ☞ Rural Agents entitled to premiums, and who are offered a choice of books, can select from this list.

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Allen's Diseases of Domestic Animals 75
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Allen on the Grape 1 00
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